

Mid-night and Daily
Thoughts.

IN PROSE and VERSE.

BY
Sir WILLIAM KILLIGREW.



L O N D O N,
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To Sir William Killigrew,

On view of his Book of *Mid-night and daily Thoughts*.

When first I read your pious Sheets, it wrought
Within my Soul such sympathetick Thought,
I seem'd your Transcript, joying so to be,
Or else transported as your Simile.
Thus ravish'd with my self, I further tried
To gain converse with you; that amplify'd,
I found and more improv'd what I had took,
Your constant Practice doth expound your Book,
With this difference onely, I might call
That the Copy, you the Original.
I am so full of you, whate'er I write
Flows from your Pen, and you do mine indite.
Your Dream of Heaven is so drawn and plac'd,
As if of Heaven it self you had a taste,
And prepossession, which will ever last:
And your angelick Thoughts, so scatter'd, where
If Heaven can be on Earth, sure it is there.
Your Dream of Hell I cannot barely name,
Unless I snatch my Finger from your Flame.
I feel the sting of your Expressions so,
As if in pain, and forc'd to undergo.
Death you've drawn to life so clear; that I
In love with life, by reading chuse to die;
Unless I liv'd like you, exalted quire
With future Joys, an holy Anchorite.
Your Poems run so natural you indite,
It seems a self-denial not to write.
'Tis much, that in your Age of Eighty eight,
Your Mind's so full of vigour and of weight,

Truly

Truly inspired; and as your Days decline,
The more you write, still that is more Divine.
There's nothing languid, all your Lines last long,
Like Honey in a Lion, sweet and strong.
Proceed (blest Sir) and prove exemplar, even
To make Disciples here, and Saints in Heaven.

Ri. Newman.

On Sir William Killigrew's Nightly and
Daily Thoughts.

What Muse a lofty Fame for him can raise,
Whose whole Ambition is to fly from praise;
Or fix him gracious with the Multitude,
Who only courts a sacred solitude,
Whose Commerce when awake in Vision lies,
When sleeping dreams him up into the Skies;
All that his Friends can do, is to invite
Others to reap what he alone can write,
Without the help of Learning, or of Toil,
As genuine Plants spring from their native Soil.
And that's true Fancy which one cannot shun,
Flowing like Emanations from the Sun.
Most Poets strive to make the World admire;
To be believ'd is all he needs desire;
Whose Doctrine to gain Faith wants no relief,
But his high untaught Pen strains our Belief.
Sincere Devotion Midwife to his Brain,
Bows to the lowest his angelick strain;
And his Example Grace abroad do breed,
Making him read by those who cannot read.
A broken Spirit is his soundest part,
And th' humble Style suits best his soaring heart.

Hen. Birkett.

To my Honoured Friend
Richard Newman, *Esq;*

S I R;

I Live so much alone, that I have not found a Friend to whom I could communicate this new Bundle of my ~~spid~~ night and Daily Thoughts, on which I dare not trust my own Judgment, (nor shew to any of my own Relations, who are such Criticks in Devotion, Eloquence, and Wit, that my mean Talent doth beget Contempt) lest I should suffer in the World's Opinion. Yet it is not my Design to flatter you, or to commend my self, but to beg a real Favour of you to read them: And if you do, without a Compliment, think them fit for the meanest Understandings to gain Profit by them, they shall be printed; else not. I want skill to search Learned Authors for a lofty Strain to gain Applause, and only write such Emanations as my dull Brain afford me: From whence the Benefit I find, and Pleasure that I have in spending my solitary Hours thus, is ample Recompence; besides the Hope of doing good to others, beyond the Vanity of being praised: Who am

Your most Humble Servant,

W. Killigrew.

To

TO

Sir William Killigrew.

S I R,

Since you are pleased to communicate to me before others, the Book of your *Mid-night and Daily Thoughts*, and in the Front thereof ennobled my Name by way of Dedication; I have not only diligently, but devoutly perused, and applied the same to my own Heart, and find my self both elevated and bettered by it. I have also imparted it to some of my most dear and learned Friends, who stick not to say with me, That they admire such *Heavenly Inspirations*, which cannot be called by any other Name, and wish they could write the like; and all agree to pray you, that it may be forthwith printed; for the Devotional Part thereof transcending, for some Uses, all the deep Notions and Learning in the World; one Practical Page thereof being, in my Opinion, more acceptable to GOD, and comfortable to the Reader, than a Library of critical Authors: And methinks I can say as our Blessed Saviour in another case: *I thank thee, O heavenly Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto Babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight, Luke 10. 23.* I shall only add this, That whereas you seem in your Letter to give me leave to put out any of your late Meditations, or to correct or transpose any of them, because of some Repetitions you are told are in them, I must really tell you, I am afraid of doing any such thing, for fear of violating such sacred

To Sir William Killigrew.

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Sacred Raptures; casting with my self, that though they seem to me Repetitions, yet they are no more to be rejected, than the Repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, which hath been so used and sanctified by our Saviour's own Lips. Thus concluding, I and my Friends nameless, desire you to have them printed before you die. From

Your Affectionate Friend,

Ri. Newman.

An Answer to my kind Friend's Preface in his Letter.

Since God Himself is pleas'd to guide my Pen,
To rectifie the Steps of unlearn'd Men,
I am much pleas'd, yet dare no Praises own,
All which (I know) are due to God alone:
But daily pray that I may take delight
To practise these great Lessons that I write.
Tho' I'm afraid this Book will have the fate,
That better Books than mine have had of late,
To be laid by, when once it is read o'er,
And ne'er be look'd on, nor e'er thought on more;
Like those Romantick Stories that are writ,
To shew their Author's Eloquence and Wit.
But when good Meditations fill a Mind,
Which by the Holy Spirit is refin'd,
Each Paragraph which such good Men shall read,
Devotion will receive, and in them breed
Fresh flaming Zeal produc'd by holy Seed;

B 2

Whose

4 *An Answer to Ri. Newman, Esq;.*

Whose Soul's with various Joys will entertain,
And let their still-encreasing Stock remain,
Till their devout, experimental Part,
By Faith, the intrinsic value of this Art,
Shall such Angelick Fire in them create,
As may, with them, Heaven's Bliss participate;
And as their glitt'ring Bubbles do decay,
Their lightned Souls with holy Vigour, may
So fix their Minds, and all their Hopes employ,
Make them assur'd of their eternal Joy.

Mid night

Mid-night and Daily
THOUGHTS.

On Christian Epicurism.

IF all the *Epicurisms* in the World were join'd in one, they could not produce one moment of such serene Delights unto the Heart of Man, as is comparable to the Soul's Joy, in a divine Elevation unto God by Meditation; for when such sacred Illuminations in Devotion do descend from above, to enlighten the Souls of pious Men with transporting Joy, ineffable, and not to be described! Tho' they be but faint Idea's of Heaven, they beget such Comforts while those holy Flames last, that Men may guess thereby those illustrious Glories they shall participate of, when they come to the possession of their eternal Bliss in the presence of G O D, which a great reprobate become regenerate, can best judge of, even as well as if a Man risen from the dead, should bring the same News to him. Thus *St. Paul*, the greatest Sinner, became an *Epicurean* Saint.

When Age and Zeal by Grace have lust subdu'd,
 Let not foul Gluttony thy Soul delude,
 Lest carnal Fancies should to Age prescribe
 Luxurious Diets, more Wine t'imbibe
 Than Nature does require for our Support,
 Or Conscience can admit in any sort ;
 For when our Surfeits do our Sense abuse,
 Such Drunkenness no Language can excuse.

Reader,

THE Author is advised, instead of an elaborate Preface from some kind Friend, to publish this little Book of his *Midnight and daily Thoughts*, without being polished by a more learned Pen. Tho' some great Clerks do not allow illiterate Men to write Devotion, this Writer does believe, that all Men ought to do some good in this World, proportionable to the Talent given them by God ; and doth therefore humbly hope, to shew such unlearned People as himself, that the Plowman and the Cobler may find the way to Heaven without *Greek* or *Latin*, by an usual exercise of divine Meditations ; and also to shew some plain Products of his own Time so spent, by which his Heart does find much Joy by serving God entirely, by frequent practise thereof, with great comfort of Grace here, and some encouraging assurance of Glory in the next World : Which he hopes also may raise other Men's Thoughts to an higher degree of Pleasure and Piety, than his Talent can reach ; though he does endeavour to think himself into Heaven before he is called thither, really believing that a sincere, hearty Devotion, is as acceptable to God in plain Language,

guage, as in Wit and Eloquence, which the generality of Mankind understand not.

If thou a Scholar art, thou soon wilt find
That I am none ; I pray thee be so kind,
As all Grammatick Errours to excuse ;
I know not *Latin*, nor the Grammar use :
Or if thou art a nice dogmatick Wit,
And wilt dispute 'gainst all that I have writ,
I then must into Heaven for refuge fly,
Because I seek not Praise, but Piety ;
And have desired (if then) till I am dead,
These private Papers be not published.
In truth these Meditations were not made
For publick view ; and I am much afraid
That you will say so too, my *Mid-night Thoughts*,
They are without art contriv'd, full of Faults
Throughout ; but yet some pious, learned Men,
Approve Devotion from my vulgar Pen,
Which shew my freer Spirit, who have writ
Plain Lessons without Eloquence or Wit,
Fit to be printed for the Publick Good,
That may by the meer Mobbe be understood.

*On my old Friend's Hieroglyphick Pictures of
Eternity.*

Thy Time is with thy Life of equal date,
And should be priz'd as equally thy fate.
Then lay thy Wonder by, without delay
Prepare to claim a share in that long Day.
Thou need'st no Serpent-Skull, nor Skeliton,
To mortifie thy Heart by looking on,

When thy own Glass doth shew thee ev'ry day,
 How thy Bleer-eyes, and wrinkled Face decay;
 Emblem to make thee see, and teach thee why
 Thou shouldst live ev'ry moment fit to die.
 With joyful Thoughts, and most divine Content,
 To be thy own eternal Monument.
 Thou know'st that God's all-seeing Eye observes
 What ev'ry motion in Man's Heart deserves.
 Since nothing from his Knowledge can be hid,
 Do thou do nothing that he has forbid;
 But now redeem thy mis spent Time that's past,
 To gain a bless'd Eternity at last;
 So reconcil'd, that a short Summons may
 Thy Soul from hence to Paradise convey,
 By blessed Angels to Seraphick Peace,
 Where Joys on Joys eternally encrease.

On Divine Ambition.

Happy are they who can this World despise,
 And firmly serve their God without disguise,
 With no design of Avarice or Pride;
 Or any other vicious Acts to hide;
 But have Ambition to be rich and great,
 To shelter the oppress'd that need retreat;
 To help the Blind, the Hungry, and the Lame,
 In honour to their own and God's great Name;
 To shew their Power, and have it understood,
 They seek the Nation's, and therein their good.

On the Five Senses.

Awake, dull Soul, lest this lethargick Fit
Benumb thy Senses, and thou fall by it :
Thus to permit thy Appetites to sway,
Will ruine them, and cast thy self away.

I.

When Earth, and Air, and Seas, are vex'd to find
Excessive Rareties of ev'ry kind,
To please thy Palate cook'd with cost and care ;
Wish then some heavenly Manna were thy fare.

II.

When rich *Arabian* Spices shall be spent,
To make sweet Odours to delight thy Scent,
Think on that costly Ointment that was shed,
With such Devotion on thy Saviour's Head.

III.

When Lutes and Harps do cast away thy Cares,
Abate thy Sorrows, and do please thy Ears ;
And mortal Voices do great solace bring,
Think on the Choirs of Angels how they sing.

IV.

When thou art ravish'd with some gentle touch,
Think if the Spear or Crown of Thorns were such ;
Or when much pleas'd with what doth softest feel,
Think then whose Hands were pierced thro' with

V.

(Steel).

When thy vain Eyes are dazled at the sight
Of some bright Beauty with too much delight ;
Look upward to the Throne of Grace, there see
More glorious Rays sent thence to lighten thee.

Thus may my Soul rejoice in either sense,
Be satisfied, and yet learn good from thence ;
The world enjoy, and yet from Crimes be free,
By turning Pleasure into Piety.

On Man's Frailty.

FRail Man, whose highest Comfort is
 To create hopes and dream of Bliss;
 Born still to learn, by learning find
 The more we see, the more we're blind,
 Desire does all our Joys imply,
 Fruitions cloy, not satisfy.

Our wished ends attain'd, we still create
 New thoughts, which new desires do animate;
 From age to age repining at our lot:
 We still desire to have, what we have not.
 Our active souls no contentation have;
 No fix'd delight between the womb and grave.

Yet though our God have thought it good,
 Thus to endow our flesh and blood
 With frail desires to earthly things,
 Which nought but pain and sorrow brings,
 He hath our souls created free,
 T'enjoy much more felicity.

When our hearts flame with his celestial fire,
 He will the object be of our desire:
 There may our fancies work, and never cease;
 And then will our desires, our joys encrease.
 Such raptures never cloy, nor fail to bless
 Such souls with everlasting happiness.

The world, if we consider right,
 Doth dazle rather than delight,
 With wealth and honours, that decay,
 With strength and power that pass away:
 Vain objects, full of hopes and fears,
 Freight with few joys and frequent tears.

Where

Where pride, or lust, or gluttony excell,
We see short hours of true contentment dwell.
Though our Creator hath the Creatures made:
For men, he has ordain'd them all to fade,
That nothing here might fix our wandering Sense,
But his divine and heavenly influence.

On Humane Frailty.

L Ord, I confess, when I at mid-night wake,
And think how Christ did suffer for my sake,
When all the world seems dead, and I alone,
Freed from my Cares, and Care's confusion,
Then does thy Spirit bear the only sway,
Taking the burthen of my sins away;
Then does thy dazling beams of glory free
My heart from fears, with joy to worship thee:
Then with an humble, holy confidence,
I row my self on thy Omnipotence;
Which fills my panting heart with such excess
Of bliss, methinks those joys should ne'er go less.
But when the Sun appears, and I do rise,
The world betrays my heart, deceives my eyes,
With wonted vanities, as heretofore,
And I forget my vows to sin no more.
Thus I grow worse and worse, and cannot frame
My thoughts to perfect holiness; though shame
And trouble at the danger I am in,
Makes me abhor the slavithness of sin.
Nature and Custom has in me begot
Such earthliness, I cannot move a jot
Towards Heaven, until thou think'st it fit
To cure my fancy, and restore my wit,
That by thy grace I may enabled be
To fix my heart upon eternity.

On Repentance.

Repentance easie seems, when we regard
 Either the punishment, or the reward :
 We can confess, and moan our wretched state,
 And humbly our offences aggravate.
 To sigh, to weep, to sorrow for what's past,
 Because our sins our souls and bodies waste,
 Does but attrition prove, and shew some sense
 Of our condition ; 'tis not penitence,
 Until we cast our vanities away,
 And learn to make our appetites obey ;
 Till we can all habitual crimes forsake,
 Hate him we love, and a new pleasure take
 To raise our souls to such an holy choice,
 That each thought may of Heav'n make us rejoice.
 'Tis such a total change, a self-denial,
 Causes the only penitential trial ;
 At which the Angels joy, and for our sake
 Do an high holy-day in Heaven make.

On Christmas-Day.

Come, oh come ! let us rejoice and wonder,
 When the King of Kings lays by his thunder,
 And will in gentle language have it said,
 His only Son was in a Manger laid,
 To shew the poor, the humble and the proud,
 More glory in that lowness, than a crowd
 Of Princes, with their trains did ever bring
 To celebrate the birth of earthly King.
 Thus homely born ! we read this heavenly Lad,
 As Joseph's Son, was ever meanly clad ;
 Until the purple Robe, and thorny Crown,
 Became the Jewish shame, and his renown.

Who

Who would submit to that mock-dignity,
 In highest scorn to his Divinity,
 Who might command all Princes then to meet,
 And lay their crowns and scepters at his Feet.
 Foolish *Herod*! how blind, how strange a strife
 Shewd'st thou to murder the young *Lord of Life*!
 Unmindful of that new-created *Star*,
 Which guided those wise Worshipers so far,
 To justify the Prophecies of old,
 By his Forefathers so precisely told.

On Good-Friday.

THe *Jews* by ancient Prophecies not taught,
 Nor by those miracles Christ daily wrought;
 Nor at his death would they converted be,
 When they did high and mighty wonders see!
 The darkned Sun, the Temple Veil quite rent,
 The cloven Rocks, nor risen Saints then sent,
 Could e'er persuade those mis-believing men
 T'avoid those miseries befell them then:
 Yet we, more foolish and more blind than they,
 Anew do crucifie him ev'ry day.
 Our high contempts do aggravate our sin,
 'Cause we believe the glory he is in.
 To us his Resurrection has reveal'd,
 What his Humanity from them conceal'd.
 VVhat yearly tribute should we Christians pay,
 VVhat Sacrifice will best become this Day,
 On which the *Lord of Life* was then content
 To dignifie an earthly monument!
 May we rejoice to find our selves set free
 From all the guilt of past impiety?
 Or, must we blush at our own Crimes, for shame
 To see Christ feel the pains due to our blame?

Both;

Both ; we must do both : eyes dissolv'd in tears
Must raise our grief, must wash away our fears.
And yet our frighted souls may justly bring
Joys mix'd with sorrows, for his suffering.

On Easter-Day.

Look, look, rejoice and wonder ! see, O see !
The Lord is risen ! by whose Spirit we
Must rise and find our souls, more int'rest have
In this his Resurrection than his Grave.
Though we attend at *Golgortha*, there fall
With our High-Priest, who was *Aaronical* ;
On this Day let new Vows our Hearts new deck,
That we may rise with our *Melchisedek* ;
Whose Blessing shews that we more int'rest have
In this his Resurrection than his Grave.

On the Lord's Supper on Easter-Day.

THe Table is prepar'd, the King attends,
His Guests come slowly in, yet still he sends
Ambassadors abroad, to summon all,
And chide in such as come not at first call.
Strange Kindness ! that we dust and ashes are,
So much his business, and so much his care,
That nothing less than his own Flesh and Blood,
Shall this day be to us mysterious Food.
Haste then, and put thy wedding garment on,
This is the Bridegroom's Coronation ;
And thou, my soul, envited art, to be
Wash'd from all stains, and cloath'd with purity.
A blessed Feast, and highest honour this,
Each worthy guest to God invited is ;

And

And ev'ry heart that heretofore was Hell,
 Will now turn Paradise, where God will dwell.
 Thus, thus we may a prepossession take
 Of Heav'n and God, who only for our sake
 Came down from Heav'n, that he himself might be
 The guide and way to our felicity.

On the Fear of Death.

WHy dost thou shrink, my soul, what terror see,
 To cause such high impiety,
 That thus from age to age thou would'st endure ?
 Pray'st thou for this, for such a Cure,
 As may more time in Vanity mis-spence ?
 To what doth this averfeness tend,
 That thus thou still enamour'd art
 Of thy disease and smart ?
 Or do'st thou grudge the dirty grave
 Should thy dead Carcase have ?

This Giant Death, which hath so long controll'd
 The VWorld, submit unto the bold ;
 His threatning dart, nor point nor sharpness hath
 To men of piety and faith.
 Thou know'st all this, my soul, yet still dost cry,
 Thou would'st not die, and know'st not why.
 If thou be'st frighted by a Name,
 Then thou art much to blame,
 And poorly weak, if terror-struck,
 By a fantastick look.

Women and Children teach thee a disdain,
 To fear the passage, or the pain :
 The ancient Heathens courted Death, to be
 Remembered by Posterity :

And

And shall those Heathens then more Courage show;
Than thou that dost thy Maker know?
The misbelieving Christian may
Shake at his latter day;
Till then not mindful of his sin,
Nor the danger he is in.

But thou that hast convers'd with God and Death,
In Speculation, shall thy Breath
Unwillingly expire, into his hand,
That comes to fetch it by Command.
From God that made thee, art thou loth to be
Possess'd of thy Felicity,
Because thy Guide looks pale, and must
Convey thy flesh to dust?
Though that to worms converted be;
What is all this to thee?

Thou shalt not feel Death's sting, but instant have
Full joys and triumph o'er the Grave,
Where thy long-lov'd Companion Flesh shall rest;
Until it be refin'd, new dress
For thy next wearing, in that holy place;
That Heav'n, where thou shalt face to face,
With Saints and Angels daily see
Thy God, and ever be
Replenish'd with celestial Bliss.
Oh my Soul, think on this.

On God's wondrous Works.

Great are the works of God, and wonders all;
 The first we hear of we do *Chaos* call;
 But in the Scripture it is no-where said,
 How, or of what, *Chaos* it self was made;
 We only know from that confused Name,
 That lump of something, Nothing, all things came.
 Great and good was the work of the first hour,
 'Cause *Chaos* then had no resisting power;
 All things did naturally then submit
 Without dispute, to what our God thought fit,
 Till man was made, the Prince of all the rest,
 And Free-will given, which taught him to contest
 With his Creator, and resist his hand,
 Whose word alone does Heav'n and Earth command.
 To shew us greater wonders yet behind,
 Miracles of a more transcendent kind,
 Our Saviour's Birth, and Resurrection;
 Pre-design'd by God for man's redemption!
 'Tis strange to think, and wonderful to see,
 That man to God so great concern should be!
 Whose heart is full of high antipathy
 To his Commands; fierce to impiety.
 By nature cross, by industry so fram'd,
 That by it self it never can be tam'd;
 Which most accurs'd, resisting quality,
 Only belongs, to its carnality.
 So that God's greatest work, we may conclude,
 Is when man's heart by grace is so subdu'd,
 That all its appetites converted be
 From its own nature, unto parity
 Of life towards God, which justly may be thought
 The highest Miracle that e'er was wrought.

To the Repiner.

DOst thou repine, vain man, 'cause thou art born
 Subject to pains, to scandals, and to scorn,
 When Christ himself, in all perfection made,
 Felt more than thou, and was himself betray'd?
 Alas, poor wretched, miserable thing,
 That must be dust! suppose thou wert sole King
 Of all this Earth, and didst the World controul,
 What would it signifie, if thy own Soul

This minute may

Be ta'en away.

When that sad hour shall come, what horrors then
 Possess the hearts of such wise worldly men?
 As present joys do seek, and ne'er pretend
 To Heav'n, until it be too late to mend;
 Till sudden death their joys surprize, and Fear
 In high amazement doth unmask'd appear,
 Then those Repiners will want a pretence
 To Courage, and their frighted Souls fly hence,
 As men were made
 To be afraid.

Thus the Repiners do create their shame,
 While those inspir'd with a bright Christian flame,
 Humbly submit to all from Heaven sent,
 Are thankful, and most happily content,
 When the Divine Hand does removethose toys,
 Which the Repiner counts his only joys.
 But if the holy Spirit do thy heart
 Possess, there dwell, thou truly happy art,
 Can'st not repine,
 While God is thine.

On lost Time.

IT is our Business every day
To pass the time we cannot stay :
This minute's mine, but it is gone,
Past call, while it is thinking on.
'Tis pleasant, and we think it fine,
To spend our time on a design
To get some honour, and encrease
Our wealth, till the hour of our decease;
Not using what we do possess,
In hopes to gain more happiness.
Thus for some nothing, or a toy,
We lose the time we might enjoy :
So that indeed we do believe,
And only dream that we do live.
To be thus vain, and thus profuse
Of Time, admits of no excuse,
While our desires do still make room
For some new pleasure that's to come,
Wishing more wings to Time for haste;
Not thinking how our selves do waste,
How much we lose, how little gain,
When we our wishes do obtain,
Till age and our experience, brings
Our Souls to long for heavenly things ;
Which is the sure and only way
To call Time ours, make it obey
Our Wishes, and in some degree
May join Time to Eternity.

A Good Conscience is a continual Feast.

THo' Flesh and Blood be so imperfect made,
 That we must sin, yet be not thou afraid ;
 For a pure Heart, with the Soul that's resign'd
 To God, does Pardon and Protection find.
 When our whole Hearts endeavour to do all
 That God commands, then that endeavour shall
 Accepted be ; if it endure the Test,
 Grace will encrease, and we are surely blest'd.
 Who ever does attain to this degree
 Of Faith, will be so fill'd with Piety,
 That neither pains nor losses can annoy ;
 It will convert all sorrows into joy.
 A heart thus set, and firmly fix'd, must needs
 Produce delicious Fruits ; such holy Seeds
 Bring forth such heavenly Thoughts, in Souls refin'd,
 That every minute does new feast the mind
 With pious strivings, which do raise the state
 Of humble hearts, and Grace on Grace create,
 Till we get interest in God, and then
 Converse with Angels, as before with Men.
 And thus our high-grown Fancies will behold
 Pleasures too great, too glorious to be told.

On Temptation.

TEmptation rightly scann'd and understood,
 Is certainly ordain'd to do us good ;
 To shew that our frail nature ever needs
 Our prayers for Grace, to justify our deeds.

Never to be tempted, leaves no trial
 To measure Vertue by : Self-denial

Is the scale ; 'tis no merit to forbear
To do the things for which we do not care.

To be tempted is no crime ; but to yield
Unto temptation, and to quit the field
To a known Enemy, is worthy blame,
When our resistance would the Tempter shame.

Still to be tempted by some high delight,
And piously resist that appetite,
Does exercise our Faith ; 'tis the only way
T'express our Love, and shew that we obey.

To be tempted, Honour is, if we do
Forbear to act, and quit the object too :
Such skirmishes will much advantage gain,
Till we a perfect Victory obtain.

To be tempted is a bliss, if we find
Sufficient Grace to satisfy the mind ;
For when we make our master-sin our slave,
We joy in Life, and triumph o'er the Grave.

To be tempted unawares by a thought,
Or a wish, it is nature, and no fault :
If Grace does nip the bud of our desires,
Custom in time will teach to quench those fires.

To master all temptation, is a sign
That we have something in us more divine
Than Nature can afford ; by which we know
God's Spirit does such Victories bestow.

To be Regenerate.

TO be regenerate, to be new-born,
 We rise like the clear Sun in a fair morn,
 After a dismal night of rain and winds ;
 For such are our tempestuous, wicked minds,
 Full fraught with terrors, darkness and dismay,
 While sin doth reign, and satan bears the sway.

To be regenerate, is to put on
 The bright raiment of the Resurrection.
 The hardest Lesson that was ever taught,
 The greatest Miracle that e'er was wrought,
 Was *Paul's* Conversion, and *Manasseh's* Crimes
 Forgiven (the hope and wonder of all times.)

To be regenerate, does put our God
 Unto a double task ; his Grace and Rod
 Are both employ'd ; for he must first subdue
 The old man's crimes, ere he can frame a new.
 It was Christ's highest business to convert
 Our stubborn hearts, who labour to pervert
 The benefit of his most precious Blood,
 So freely shed, so little understood !

How to overcome Temptations by Meditation.

WHen Satan does our fickle hearts assault
 With pleasing Objects that do cause revolt
 From God, with subtle arts he does surprize,
 Before we can discover his disguise.
 He has as many advocates within,
 As we have appetites to plead for sin.

How

How shall we then avoid to be his prey,
When thus we do our selves, our selves betray ?
'Tis dangerous to treat, unsafe to fight
With foes at home (the Enemy in sight :)
So that our only safety's to retreat,
Send up our Souls unto the Mercy-seat
Of God ; there fly for succour, and there dwell
Out of the reach of all the powers of hell ;
There Satan cannot come, dares not molest
That Soul, where Christ doth claim an interest.
When thus our God's engaged to defend,
Wife Satan will not offer to contend ;
He does our weakness, and his Own Strength know.
When our vain hearts and we do dwell below,
Unsensible of those eternal joys,
Do entertain our selves with earthly toys,
Then is his time to dazle our weak eyes,
And win our hearts with glitt'ring vanities.
But if we love not this Captivity,
We must contemplate our eternity.
Tho' flesh be a dull lump that cannot fly,
Our thoughts have nimble wings to pierce the sky.
Rise upward then, my Soul, till thou obtain
The highest pitch of Faith, which will sustain
Thy love to God, and bring thee by degrees
To taste and relish Heav'n's felicities.
A pious fancy rais'd by faith will reach
Some glimpse of glory, and in time will teach
Thee to converse with Angels, and to know
Their glorious Mansions (while I dwell below ;)
Thou may'st of Bliss a prepossession take,
Till both do Heaven our habitation make.
And thus thy unity with Christ discern
The only Comfort, and the high Concern.
When thou art full of these great joys above
And dost return, this ecstasie of love

Will bring our God along ; and we shall here
 The same Heav'n have, as if we both were there.
 For Souls with such Divinity possess'd,
 In spite of all temptations must be bless'd.
 And thou, my Soul, by this celestial art
 Wilt soon spiritualize my fleshy heart :
 Such antepasts of Bliss will raise desire,
 From smoaking flax unto a flaming fire ;
 Which will my trust confirm, my hope assure,
 And will unto eternity endure.
 Then Satan will on his own Envy feed,
 And we shall gain a Victory indeed.

Queries.

HAst thou forsak'n thy known sins that were
 Just arguments for all thy doubts and fear ?
 Do Gospel-Graces in thy heart now grow,
 Where various Vanities did overflow ?
 Can'st thou o'ercome thy self, the World subdue ?
Cæsar was a less Conquerour than you.
 Do'st thou love and fear thy God, do'st thou dread
 To do amiss, and trust in Christ thy Head ?
 Is the Resurrection thy firm belief ?
 Does it equal the crucified Thief ?
 Do'st thou think Heav'n, in all its Beauty, shines
 Brighter than Diamonds from our earthly Mines ?
 Do'st thou fantasie what that great glory is,
 That fills the Saints with everlasting Bliss ?
 Do'st thou believe thy self shall have a share
 In Paradise, as an adopted Heir ?
 I do not doubt but thou wilt now, say Aye
 To all those *Queries* of thy Piety.
 There is yet one behind, put to the test,
 Will try the intrinsic value of the rest :

Do'st

Do'st thou desire to be dissolv'd, to be
With Christ, new-cloath'd with his Divinity ?
The object of thy Faith and Prayers possess,
Which frees from ills, and fills with happiness ?
If the approach of death does make thee start,
Examin't well, thou art not right at heart :
It is the business of our life to die,
And to fear death is infidelity
In some degree, or madness to desire
To be in Heav'n, that do'st from Heav'n retire.
To this some pious Christian may reply,
How can we chuse but be afraid to die,
When Christ, the head of our Humanity,
Sweat drops of Blood in his great agony ?
But his Passion differ'd from the small pain
We feel ; he did the wrath of God sustain ;
And on himself he all the torments drew,
Which for the sins of all the world were due ;
And by that act alone, destroy'd the sting
Of death, that so he might more eas'ly bring
Mankind to Heav'n, leaving us no pretence
To fear the passage, but our diffidence
In the success. We either doubt the bliss,
Or doubt that we the happiness shall miss.
Young Babes, who neither fear nor fancy have,
Like equally the Cradle and the Grave.

A Pious Man fears no Danger.

DOth sickness, poverty, and shame, unite
 Their forces, and together 'gainst thee fight?
 Do griefs abound, do evil tongues defame
 Thy honest actions, and asperse thy name
 With Lyes? Art thou from honour tumbled down,
 And dost now plow the Seas for new renown,
 Where the loud winds do make high waves to rage,
 Till they create a storm, which does engage
 Thy ship 'mongst rocks, that in the bottom lie,
 And the next moment toss thee to the sky;
 Where thunder, with fierce lightnings, do conspire
 To lick thee up into a flaming fire;
 As if the Heavens did with the Seas contest,
 Which of their power could most disturb thy rest?
 Or hast thou 'scap'd the storm, and now on shore,
 Do'st meet with greater terrors than before?
 Do the Mountains move, and great Cities shake?
 Does the Earth open, and a passage make
 Unto the dark Centre, as if the world
 Should once again be into *Chaos* hurl'd,
 And all the joys and glories thou hast seen
 Be quite forgot, as if they'd never been?
 Would'st thou be free from such Calamities
 As these, trample on dangers and despise
 The terrors of the world? Thou must then stand
 Under his wings, that does the world command;
 There fix thy heart and hopes, and thou wilt find
 Contentment for thy Body and thy mind.
 There's no safety nor joy to be compar'd
 To Piety, nor peace like hearts prepar'd
 For Heav'n. We must live so, that when we die,
 We may account that change felicity.

The Power of Faith.

'TIs but a weak expression of our Faith,
 Our Love and Gratitude to Christ, who hath
 By his Death freed us from eternal fires,
 If we do only bridle our desires.
 It is not zeal enough that we refrain
 Our petty appetites, and do constrain
 Our fancies, and affections to retire
 From acts of momentary high desire.
 Nor is it yet enough to be content
 With frequent losses, as a punishment
 For our past crimes; we should our thoughts inure
 To pains; our hearts and bodies must endure
 Something beyond easie self-denials,
 And be armed for such fiery trials,
 As the first Martyrs felt: If God command
 The Grid-iron, or the Rack, we must not stand
 Amaz'd; he can enable us to sustain
 The torments of such deaths, and slight the pain;
 His Power is still to us the same, so we
 As great faith have, and such-like piety,
 To love and serve our God, as much as they
 In those days did, no terrors can dismay:
 For where the holy Spirit does prevail,
 It is not possible that strength should fail.
 If we have faith enough, there is no doubt
 But we may walk on fire, and tread it out.

An

An Ejaculation.

Lord, I have done what lies in me,
 The work does now belong to thee ;
 I have resign'd my heart,
 'Tis thine, who only art
 Able to keep what is thy own ;
 Which I cannot, if left alone ;
 But shall fall back again,
 And merit thy disdain.
 It is thy pleasure, and thy will,
 I should depend upon thee still,
 And never dare to trust
 The frailty of my dust,
 Which by nature does incline
 To be more earthly than divine.
 Thus I can only stand,
 Supported by thy hand.

On Prayer.

THe Lord regards not words, we may
 Be silent, and yet pray :
 'Tis the intention of the heart,
 That doth our zeal impart.
 Tho' vocal prayers be daily us'd,
 Our sighs are not refus'd ;
 And our good deeds for prayers do go,
 'Cause God esteems them so.
 Our Charity and Mercy shown,
 Will plead our Cause alone :
 Such acts of our obedience,
 Is the best eloquence.

And

And does in Heav'n gain more regard,
For pardon and reward,
Than a whole age was ever known
To get by words alone.
Our alms do double use obtain,
And multiply our gain ;
When penitence does plead for sin,
And gratitude steps in,
Acknowledging the grace we have,
Must raise us from the grave,
And put us in a decent frame
To call upon God's Name ;
These practick Prayers will do the deed,
And help us at our need ;
Much better than a story told
In language rude and bold ;
Such as rash fancies do throw out,
From wants, from fears, or doubt
Of our Condition, which may be
Words without modesty.
When pious works fail not to bring
Us Blessings from the King
Of Heaven, the Searcher of our hearts,
Beyond the reach of arts
In language, by him all disguis'd
Formalities despis'd,
And the poor holy Ignorant,
Will sooner get a grant
Of his desire, than thou or I,
With all our Orat'ry.
When our good works and words agree,
They both accepted be.

On Charity.

WHEN we hear a poor Beggar cry
 For food, how can we him deny !
 Or if some raiment he do need,
 Are we not bound to cloath and feed
 Our Christian Brother in distress,
 When Charity is blessedness?
 Yet Charity does not consist
 In alms alone, we must assist
 Our friends with Counsel, if need be,
 To lead them unto Piety ;
 And by our own example show,
 That we the way to God do know.
 Oh ! 'tis an acceptable thing,
 When we can Souls to Heaven bring ;
 For though Men can no merit have,
 They near it come that Souls do save.

On Discontent for Poverty.

HAST thou thy Fortunes lost, and now,
 Poor Man, do'st live thou know'st not how ?
 And art so much bereav'd of sense,
 As not to see God's Providence,
 That thus without thy loss or care,
 Provides thee of all necessary fare ?
 Why art thou then so discontent,
 To call this Plenty, Punishment ?
 It is not well to make such moan,
 'Cause all thou seest is not thy own ?
 Thy heart is earthly, and thy mind
 Will neither peace nor comfort find.

Though

Though the whole World thou didst enjoy,
 Something would still thy heart annoy.
 Did'st ever yet see any thing
 Did thy expected Pleasure bring?
 Or did'st thou ever any-where,
 Once find the Joys thou look'st for there?
 But now methinks I hear thee cry,
 Thou griev'st for thy Posterity,
 While thou do'st doubt the same great hand,
 That does the Heaven and Earth Command,
 Should less provide for them than thee:
 All this is great Impiety.

On Mercy.

IT is or ought to be, while we do live,
 Our Prayers to be forgiv'n, as we forgive;
 Yet I do fear that most of us offend
 This way too oft, what e'er we do pretend.

For I have known some Men so full of rage,
 When a slight injury did them engage,
 That neither sleep nor food could do them good,
 While their unlawful Vengeance was withstood.

Others there are more mild, will only try
 Whether they can subdue their Enemy;
 And if that fail, they will not then refuse
 To take submission, 'cause they cannot chuse.

And some will seem as if they did not see,
 Nor understood a down-right Injury,
 But will fierce Malice in their hearts retain,
 Until they can return it back again.

And

And some do highest wrongs receive, and bear
 Them patiently with smiles, because they dare
 No other do, unless to make it worse,
 In private they do whisper out a Curse.

Some too there be so cautious and so wise,
 All offer'd wrongs do seemingly despise,
 But their whole lives will study how they may
 Return the injury the safest way.

And some will make their adversary know
 His error and their power, and then will show
 Such Mercy, as himself may boast, and be
 (If rightly understood) an injury.

And some so sweet and gentle are, they still
 Remit all injuries to God, who will
 (They hope) in his good time the quarrel take,
 And of their Foes some sad example make.

Too few there be who rightly understand
 The weight and scope of this so great command,
 This prime Christian Duty, so much admir'd
 By heathens, and so much to be desir'd.

Some good men there are, who know Mercy is
 God's highest Attribute, and they in this
 Come near unto his own Divinity,
 When freely they forgive an injury.

We should do good for evil, love and pray
 For those bad men that wrong us ev'ry day
 In friends or fortune, life, or our good name,
 'Tis our Religion to forgive the same.

Lord,

Lord, turn the hearts, and open wide the eyes
Of those mistaken men (our enemies)
Who wrong themselves, and let them timely see
How much they anger thee, and hurt not me.

On Despair.

Amongst Satan's chief Magazine of Arms,
To fight against men's Souls none does such
(harms)
As those despairs which he in clouds lets fly
At faithless men, when we draw near to die,
He treats our Youth at first with such delights;
As do most please men's appetites;
With lusts, with gluttony, and avarice,
Or what will more our eyes and hearts entice
To follow him into his hidden snares,
Where once engag'd, he leads us to despairs,
And throws such mists before our dazled eyes;
We cannot find our selves in his surprize;
But do run on in pleasures, and rejoice,
Mistaking his deceits for our own choice;
And so applaud our wits for our success
In sin, and do admire our activeness;
And ne'er discern this subtile Agent stand,
With all his wicked Instruments at hand,
Ready and glad to be employ'd, while we
Make haste to Hell by our impiety,
Till youth and vigour with its power decrease,
And cause our evil appetites to cease
From wicked acts; yet he'll not give us o'er,
Nor quit us so! He has new sins in store:
When wrinkled age adorns us with gray hairs,
He terrifies our hearts with high despairs;

D

Shows

Shews us the ills that we have done, too great
For pardon are, and now too late to treat
With Heav'n; having resign'd our selves to Hell,
No holy Charm can e'er dissolve that Spell;
And dictates thus to our affrighted sense,
Repentance cannot balance our offence,
Who have so many years our God refus'd,
So many ways his Laws and Grace abus'd,
That in his Justice he can ne'er forgive
Our Crimes: Thus he torments us whil'st we live.
When flattering objects fail, he thus presents
Our fancies with despairing arguments,
That we must never hope to see God's face,
'Cause we have sinn'd beyond the reach of Grace,
Out-gone the merit of Christ's Blood, and have
Done things beyond the power of God to save.
Thus by degrees he leads us to despair,
Never to hope for better than we are;
And thus by doubting God's Omnipotence,
To aggravate his wrath and our offence;
Unless our great and glorious God do please
To free us from this Devil, and this Disease,
So deadly to our Souls, and let us see
We may be yet redeem'd by Piety,
If we get Grace to pray, and to repent,
With constant fervent zeal and full intent
For ever to forsake, and truly hate
Those horrid Sins we doted on of late.
If we get faith to love and serve God thus,
No doubt he doth already pity us,
And will in time forgive; there's no dispute
But Mercy is God's highest Attribute;
Severe in Justice, yet of Grace not scant,
When chief of Sinners was the greatest Saint.

Our Reason must unto our Faith submit.

Lord, I have search'd my heart, but do still doubt
 It is not pure enough, not clean throughout,
 Nor can be, till the Holy Ghost comes in,
 And do assist in casting out of sin ;
 That so he may possession take for thee,
 And I may hold my heart in Fealty,
 To pay my God a thousand Thanks a day,
 While thus thy Holy Spirit does bear sway.
 O Holy Ghost ! when thou art once possess'd,
 I shall not dare disturb so bless'd a Guest
 With a vile act, or a vain thought that may
 Lessen my Bliss, and drive my God away.
 Thy presence will my wavering heart direct
 To Heaven, and will from Enemies protect
 My Soul and me, while thou art my defence.
 Who dares contest with thy Omnipotence !
 So cleans'd, and so inform'd, I shall soon learn
 To worship thee aright, and shall discern
 The Mystery of Faith ; my Reason teach
 How to submit to what it cannot reach.
 Faith shall take place, my Fancy shall retire ;
 And I will be contented to admire
 The mighty Secrets of thy glorious Throne,
 Which thou reserv'st unto thy self alone.
 Lord, tho' my heart can never understand
 The manner nor the motion of thy hand,
 Nor all my Zeal and Fancy raise a thought
 To comprehend thy Essence as I ought :
 I can persuade my Reason to give way
 Unto my Faith ; for if thy Gospel say
 'Tis so, it is enough ; I do believe,
 Tho' wonder how a Virgin did conceive ;

And bring a Son who was both God and Man ;
 And do not doubt thy holy Spirit can
 Dwell in my heart, and teach me to prevent
 Doubting that Christ is in the Sacrament,
 Or searching of thy high Divinity,
 How the Godhead becomes a Trinity.
 I can see thee now in the Creation,
 Full as great as in the Resurrection :
 Though I know not how all these come to pass,
 Thy Word says so it is, and so it was ;
 And I believe't ; while thou art mine, my Faith
 No curiosity nor doubting hath.

To the Ambitious, Envious Man.

DOes that Man's honour and his wealth abound ?
 Is his felicity sufficient ground
 For thee to envy what he does possess,
 When thou dost feel no want, though thine be less ?
 Such envy dwells not in a noble heart :
 Yet I will teach thee a mysterious art
 Shall make ambition, and thy envy swell
 As high as *Heaven*, and yet thou shalt do well.
 Thou want'st not understanding, nor a wit,
 But want'st the will and grace to manage it.
 Let the dull Clown still multiply his Cows,
 And make't his business to enlarge his Mows ;
 The wary Merchant traffick on the Seas,
 The Souldier kill as many as he please ;
 The Usurer enjoy his full-stuff'd Bags,
 And the gay Courtier boast his golden Rags ;
 And greatest Lords to highest Titles born,
 Search all the World, they never can adorn

Them-

Themselves with wealth, or glories that shall last
Untoeternity. Then do not waste
Thy life on trifles, let thy envy rise;
Do thou contest with those that Heav'n do prize,
With all that do pretend a better right
Than thou, to be God's greatest Favourite.
'Tis a noble and a brave Religion,
That allows thy envy and ambition,
To trample on the World in spite of fate,
Until thy forehead knock at Heaven Gate.

To the Luxurious Man.

ARE thy brave Statues, Pictures, Jewels, Plate,
Which cost so many thousand pounds of late,
Destroy'd? Is thy vast Building, with thy Land,
Torn from thee by some unjust powerful hand?
And dost thou sit computing the great cost
Of all thy Pleasures, and this Treasure lost,
With a half broken heart, and dost not see
All this is to deface thy Luxury,
Which did thy Soul beset? Till these were gone,
Thou hadst no leisure time to think upon
Thy God, who thus in Mercy and in Love,
Doth that calamity from thee remove,
That thy free heart may only Him adore,
And so be richer than thou wert before.
If Heaven and Earth be God's, and he be thine,
Thou ought'st to thank him rather than repine;
Then will thy long-sick Soul recover health,
And thou possess an everlasting wealth;
Free from the Cares and Fears that daily hap
To Men that seek their Bliss in Fortune's lap.

Love thy Neighbour as thy self.

IT is a prime and great Commandment,
 To Love our Neighbour as our selves. God
 (meant

Us happiness on Earth, that did impose
 Severest Laws, to make us love our Foes ;
 Including that our Friendships would not need
 A Law, when hearts in unity agreed.
 But we that still his Will prevaricate,
 Do change this pleasant Precept into hate.
 Throughout the World the daily Mischiefs show,
 That Neighbourhood but little love do know.
 We see the best of Men do often do
 What they themselves would not be done unto.
 And few of us there be that do believe
 Our plenty should our Neighbour's wants relieve.
 How few the sick do visit, or endure
 The smallest Charges for a poor Man's Cure !
 And yet we hope our God our selves will bless,
 Who neither Love nor Charity express-
 To love our Neighbour as we ought, would be
 'Mongst Men, angelical Felicity.

My Yoke is easie, and my Burthen light.

JESUS Christ, the great Pattern of our Lives,
Does bid us follow him, and loves who strives
To imitate him most ; for he that can
But near him come, will be a blessed Man.
'Tis not commanded, nor expected is,
That our own righteousness should equal His ;
Our God from us doth nothing more require
Than our utmost endeavours and desire
To do his Will: He only calls us to,
What he does give us Grace and power to do.
He wills us to believe, obey, and love;
But does not give us mountains to remove.
His yoke is easie, and his Burthen light ;
We make of Mole-hills Mountains in our fight.

To a strong young Man.

THou'rt young, 'tis true, and strong & mayest yet
Live many years ; but do not thou forget,
That young and healthy People often die,
By various accidents, as suddenly
As old ; nor yet expect that death must bring
A Fever, to fore-shew thou art dying,
When death with thee divides this minute's breath ;
Though we call the last act of dying, death ;
Because we then do cease to die no more,
When we are dying all our lives before.
Thy youth, and my gray head now dying are ;
Thou need'st no other Summons to prepare

For Heaven ; but observation every day,
 What multitudes of young men drop away.
 Only the old Man's Dream is almost gone,
 The young Man's Dream but newly is begun.
 The longest is like twinkling of an eye,
 Moments compar'd unto eternity.

On Hypocrisie.

HE errs that owns his Crimes in the World's
 To avoid being thought a hypocrite : (sight,
 We are not bound our frailties to reveal,
 But may our shame with modesty conceal,
 Rather than aggravate our sins gainst God,
 By boasting that we do condemn his Rod.
 But he that does a feigned Zeal put on
 To cloak his sins, doth scorn Religion.
 And does not only with his base intents
 Contemn Obedience to Commandments ;
 But does that way design his God should shroud
 His wickedness under a holy cloud,
 And does God's Goodness mock, thus to presume
 Rudely to move his anger to consume
 Such mad-men as do his known power despise,
 By daring to affront him in disguise ;
 Who thinks a Vizard on his face can hide
 His heart ; God does such hypocrites deride,
 And will in fury smite so bold offence,
 As undervalues his Omnipotence.

T O G O D.

W H E N I look back on my past life, the ills
That I have done my heart with horror fills ;
And does amaze my frighted Soul to see
Thy Judgments due to such impiety.
But since thy Mercy hath so long forborn
To smite, and thou art pleas'd at last to turn
My heart to Heaven, when I was running on,
Heaping sins on sins, to my perdition,
I bless thy Name that would not let me go
To Hell, nor suffer me to perish so.
This Grace gives hope, and does my Faith encrease
To Confidence, that thou wilt now release
Me from the punishments, and from the shame
Due to my Crimes, and make me love thy Name.
It is thy own great Work, the honour's thine ;
I cannot own a vertuous thought for mine.
Shall I then fear to raise my thoughts to thee,
When thou dost fill my heart with Piety !
When my assurance is thy gift, I may
Approach thy glorious Throne, and humbly say,
Thy Grace hath such a Confidence begot,
As cannot be in one that loves thee not.
Lord, let this love encrease, let it endure
Unto my end ; make my Election sure,
That I may feast my Soul with thoughts of thee
My God, the Fountain of Felicity :
Thus fill'd with Grace, and by thy Spirit led,
I shall for ever live, when I am dead ;
And with true courage, when I come to die,
Shall gladly pass to my eternity.

On

On a bold, profane Sinner.

WE may well fear great Judgments in our times,
That dare to boast and glory in our Crimes :
To sin, is humane frailty ; but to slight
Religion, and to make't our chief delight
To show how we can triumph in the act
Of ev'ry sin, does aggravate the fact,
And make us worse than Heathens heretofore,
Who never scorn'd those Gods they did adore.
But Christians now do take the liberty
To own no Joy, but in the infamy
Of their worst deeds ; and do a War proclaim
With *Heaven*, as if they could their God defame.
The Giants war (by Poets feign'd) came short
Of those, who use Devotion as a Sport ;
And rally on their Priests ; who stories tell,
To awe the ignorant with *Heaven* and *Hell* ;
While Wit and Courage do disdain to be
Frighted from Pleasure, by such Foppery.
Thus some gay Gallants of our age do treat
Their God, as if his Precepts were a cheat,
To make us live in fear, and trembling die
With idle Dreams of an Eternity.
If these Opinions, like Contagions, spread,
God may in rigour strike the Nation dead ;
Then sow the Land with Dragons teeth ; fit seed
For soil, that does such monstrous people breed.

On Eternal Life.

NO sooner born than we begin to die,
By Nature taught to cry we know not why;
Till riper years do teach us wicked arts,
To cozen and betray our wanton hearts;
That boldly dare our great Creator brave,
By sinning from our Cradle to our Grave:
Sad fate for Souls, thus destin'd to obey
The various Vices of corrupted Clay!
Involv'd in dangers that we do not fear,
Because the certain ruine seems not near,
Till some diviner light our hearts inform,
How to sail safe in this devouring storm.
Bless'd be that light, which does from terror free,
And make us Victors in Captivity:
For Souls by Grace enlarg'd, will quickly taste
Such Joys, as no Eternity can waste.
Thus born to live, and yet ordain'd to die,
And live again, is such a mystery,
As only Faith can reach, and shew us how
To out-live Death, by pious living now,
Which will a prepossession take of Bliss.
And such angelical transports as this,
Will such a bless'd celestial Courage give,
We shall be glad to die, that we may live.

On

On Valour and Fear.

Valour mistaken through the World we see,
 When rashness looks like Magnanimity ;
 When senseless Drunkards, vap'ring in the Street,
 For want of Courage, quarrel all they meet ;
 When practised danger brings the meanest Clown
 To vie with *Alexander* for Renown ;
 When shame will fear remove, and money hire
 The scum of Men to face the Cannon's fire ;
 We must some other Rules for Valour find,
 That grows from Vertues of a higher kind.
 These Men do not know why
 They do not fear to die.

Experience shews, the Valiant and the Wise
 May start at the first glimpse of a surprise,
 And may avoid such squabbles as will stain
 Their Courage, and no jot of Credit gain.
 High Valour and true Vertue brightly shine,
 When they're asserted by a Cause Divine.
 When King and Country, or thy Church wants aid,
 'Tis basest Cowardice to be afraid ;
 True Courage will endeavour to create
 Safety to them, though ruine be their fate.
 These are the Men know why
 They do not fear to die.

On Repentance.

WHEN *Adam* fell, **G O D** did a Curse disperse
 On all Mankind throughout the Universe ;
 And on his Issue did Contagion spread,
 Till *CHRIST* appear'd to bruise the Serpent's
 Then Penitence and Piety began (Head ;
 To be refin'd, and call'd relaps'd Man,
 By Rules and Christ's Example, to possess
 Heaven, with his united happiness.
 So that repenting sinners Heaven must fill,
 Because there's none on Earth but have done ill ;
 Though sighs and tears may a good Prologue be
 To introduce Repentance, yet we see
 High Structures, on such thin Foundations built,
 Have tumbled with much noise and greatest guilt.
 So that to pray, and fervently desire
 To be enlightned by celestial Fire,
 How to forsake our sins, if not too late,
 Denominates who is regenerate.

On Easter-Day.

HOW Christ triumph'd o'er the Grave and *Hell*,
 Is joy to think, tho' terrible to tell.
 When Rods had made his sacred Body bleed,
 And purple Robes did aggravate that Deed ;
 When *Pilate*, to consummate all his Scorns,
 Adorn'd his Temples with a *Crown of Thorns* ;
 Hard were their hearts who did endure to see
 Their Saviour bleeding, bound to set them free.

Those

Mid-night and Daily

Those then who did his *Agonies* deride,
 When they had pierc'd his feet, his hands and side;
 Were of much harder metal made, more fit
 For their descent into th'infernal Pit;
 While dying Christ, by a diviner fate,
 Gave *Heaven* to the repenting Reprobate;
 To shew whom Faith and Penitence sustain,
 Will sure a place in Paradise obtain.
 Bless'd then were those whose eyes were never dry;
 After they saw their Lord and Saviour die;
 Till searching in the Sepulchre, they find
 That sacred Body could not be confin'd
 To Earth, which was declar'd before must rise,
 To chear their hearts, and dry their blubber'd eyes.
 When the dull mist of Nature was remov'd,
 They saw and knew whom they ador'd and lov'd:
 Surpriz'd with joy, transported with delight,
 They trembling do approach his awful sight;
 Until enlightned they at last grow bold,
 By recollecting what he had foretold;
 Which fix'd their Faith, and by a joy'd Converse,
 He then his Resurrection did rehearse;
 And by his Spirit made them understand,
 And look for his *Ascension* then at hand.
 Thus fill'd with heavenly Wisdom, they retir'd,
 Well satisfied with what they most desir'd:
 And by their Records of these Truths do teach
 Us by a lively Faith, how we may reach
 The same assurance, and like Comforts find,
 Unless we will be obstinately blind.
 If we can sin subdue, this world despise,
 This day we may with Christ to Heaven rise.

On late Repentance.

Vain Men, who do presume to live in sin,
 Hoping to end as easie as begin ;
 When Custom and Time such habits do beget,
 That easie Nature to our Wills submit,
 And force our hardned hearts with them comply,
 To glut our Senses till the hour we die ;
 As if one Moment were enough to gain
 That Mercy we for many years disdain ;
 With all our power thus blindly running on
 In high contests, to our confusion.

Thus heedlesly our Youth does bear the sway,
 And middle age too willingly obey,
 Still thinking as our Bodies do decay,
 We may repent : But age will not give way
 To quit his feeble appetites, grown bold
 By Custom then, does scorn to be controul'd.
 And when no active vigour does remain,
 Delights to tell and think sins o'er again.
 By such sad precedents we learn too late,
 And march to *Hell* in a triumphant state.

A Rapture.

O Lord, thou seest the Secrets of my heart,
 Beyond what sighs or tears, or words impart ;
 Yet I must daily worship and adore
 Thy Name, too much neglected heretofore ;
 Now own, thou art the mighty *Lord of Hosts*,
 One God, the Father, Son, and holy Ghost.

What

What Reason wants, we must by Faith supply ;
 For finite ne'er can reach infinity.
 Thou lov'st a zealous heart, and dost require
 Our best endeavours, then grant'st our desire.
 When fervent Prayers the greatest pleasure brings,
 In our addresses to the *King of Kings*.
 And makes our joy in carnal appetites
 Submit to higher and divine delights,
 Which fire the heart, and make Devotion warm,
 That inward works like a Seraphick Charm.
 Lord, bless my age, that I may end my days
 In a delightful Rapture of thy praise.

On the Felicity of constant Health.

THo' honour with renown and greatest wealth
 God's Blessings are, they can't contest with
 (health ;
 For happiness, which is the root that brings
 More pleasure unto Beggars than to Kings ;
 When fits of Gout, Strangury, or the Stone,
 Do all or any of them come alone.
 Health makes us eat and drink, and sleep at ease,
 When wealth creates, but cures not a Disease.
 What would not a daily sick rich Man give,
 To have a poor Man's health while he does live ?
 His Plate, his Jewels, with his Bags of Gold,
 Will ease no pain, tho' all he has were sold.
 Which shews that all Mankind should daily pray
 For health, and not by wealth be led astray.
 For there's no joy like a contented mind,
 Tho' 'tis with poverty and health confin'd.

On

On lost Innocence.

THo we cannot lost Innocence re-call,
 Repentance will preserve from farther fall, }
 And Faith in Christ will then recover all :
 So we by him shall Victory obtain,
 And God by mercy will the Glory gain.
 And thus by grace and favour of God's love,
 We may with joy triumph, all fears remove ;
 Which will our hearts revive, new hopes create,
 And raise our Souls to our first blessed state.
 And thus from sin by Christ's great Merit freed,
 We may as God's adopted Sons proceed,
 With Duty and Obedience to his Will,
 Till he in Heaven does all our hope fulfil.

To a young Man surpriz'd by Death.

THo' Death has many ways to be disguis'd,
 We have as many not to be surpriz'd ;
 So that surprize is but a lame excuse,
 Which rather doubly trebbles the abuse ;
 When we are plac'd by God upon the guard,
 Who proffers life eternal for reward.
 But thou, young Man, for pain may'st loudly groan,
 Or is't for grief to die thou mak'st such moan ?
 If by the first thou do'st find any ease,
 'Tis well ; the second adds to thy disease,
 And by a great mistake disturbs thy heart,
 With a false fancy that thou dying art.
 Now thy beloved Carcase does decay,
 VWhich should unto thy Soul raise no dismay :

E

But

But cheer thy heart, and so enrich thy mind
 With joyful thoughts of a diviner kind ;
 For when God calls for thy last puff of Breath,
 He'll bring thee to eternal life, not death ;
 For so 'twill prove, and be more truly said,
 That thou begin'st to live when thou art dead.

The Dream of a reconciled Sinner.

Something I saw, more glorious to behold
 Than can (I now awake) by tongue be told ;
 Such glitt'ring rays, too glorious to impart,
 When raptures flow in a Seraphick heart,
 Which only can behold so bright a shine ;
 To testify such Dreams must be divine,
 That comforts sleeping Souls with such delights,
 As are ineffable to waking sights.
 Tho' God some secret Counsels doth conceal,
 He may a glimpse of Glory thus reveal,
 To fix such hearts as mercy does afford,
 When Penitents are unto Grace restor'd ;
 To show some bright *Ideas* of his Throne,
 To such adopted Sons as he will own.

On Happiness.

Happy is he who can his Joys impart
 Unto a trusty sympathizing heart ;
 Happy is he whose griefs are only known
 Unto himself, and to his God alone ;
 Happy is he can do his Neighbour good,
 And have his goodness rightly understood ;

Happy

Happy is he who by example can
 Reduce a rigid, misbelieving Man ;
 Happy is he whose Vertue is so strong,
 That when he can, will not revenge a wrong:
 Most happy he, who heartily can pray
 For such a Foe as doth his Friend betray.

On Devotion.

TRue *Devotion* is the supreamest Good,
 If rightly practis'd; when 'tis understood ;
 But those enlightning Joys most Men do feel,
 May prove much short of a Seraphick Zeal.
 Pure Piety is a great mystery,
 That puzzles our divine Philosophy ;
 Inspir'd by God's propitious fix'd Decrees,
 Which humane Nature feels, but never sees ;
 And yet doth consecrate their lives desire,
 Who *God's* great *Attributes* do most admire ;
 And does those secret Riddles so unfold,
 That we may understand what we are told ;
 And then by higher Raptures, antedate
 The heavenly Pleasures of our future state,
 By sacred Joys, that fill a righteous heart
 With godly thoughts, too lofty to impart :
 For no Man can angelick Fancies paint,
 But he who is, or hopes to be a Saint.

On relapsing into Sin.

THo' Piety and Grace in hearts prevail,
 Our Fancies and our Natures are so frail,
 That ev'ry object of our old desires,
 Are ready to unkindle such new fires,
 That few good Men are found, who dare to say,
 They really desire to die this day.

On Hope.

WE work for wealth and honour while we live,
 With all the Perquisites that God can give ;
 We rack our Fancies, and disturb our Brains,
 We tire our Bodies, and take mighty pains ;
 When at the last our pamper'd Bodies must
 Be eat by worms, and then return to dust.
 Here nothing we possess, but hope in time
 To gain our peace and pardon for our Crime :
 But then by Grace restor'd, and snatch'd from *Hell*,
 We shall in bliss and glory ever dwell.

To my Friend, to justify my Retirement.

S I R,

I Do value your Friendship much, and take your Advice very friendly, To forsake my solitary Life, and to return unto the Conversation of my Friends; and this with very civil (though with very sharp) Reflections on my Retirement, in the Opinion of the World (as you say;) as if some Discontent, or love to a lazie Life (rather than Devotion) had made me bury my self alive (which my Age might very well excuse at 88 Years) if I had no better Arguments to justify my Repose this way. But now you shall have my Reasons at large, which I did not think fit to declare in that Company, at that time. For,

When I considered how many Years I had lived in Idleness and Vanity, and such Sins as were in fashion with most Men of great Estates, with as full a swing as my wild Fancy could reach: In which kind of short-liv'd, mistaken Felicities, I found no real Satisfaction; but still roving from worse to worse, it pleased God to induce me to think of *Heaven*, and how to get thither by a timely Repentance, in a Retirement from all worldly Delights, and all publick Concerns; but do not pretend to be an inspir'd Quaker, nor a profess'd Hermit; though I do believe that both those Callings may have pious Men, that do abhor Hypocrisie in Devotion as much as I do, who think it to be the next greatest Sin to that against the *Holy Ghost*.

Yet I must own, that my solitary Life is become so delightful, that my Bosom-Joys are much above all the Pleasures that I have formerly known, and largely shared in the Courts of Four great Kings; in which there might be many Saints (though I was none.) By which I judge, that those who live (as I then did) in the pomp and splendid Crowds of such great *Assemblies*, can seldom have the opportunity to delight in frequent Prayers, nor time to relish the deliciousness of such fervent *Addresses* unto *Heaven*, as my solitary hours afford me: So that such busie Men are not often refreshed with those daily Comforts, and secret spiritual Joys, as flow in Souls totally resign'd to God: For when God sees the Integrity of such Men's Hearts, as do value their Hopes of *Heaven* above all earthly Fruitions, he gives them a cheerful, hearty Devotion, to be their highest Felicity in this World, with great assurance of Glory in the next.

And whoever will try to live so much alone with God, will find such enlightning Comforts to his Soul, in frequent, fervent Prayers and Meditations, as will encrease his Joys until he go to *Heaven*; and all the way thither, will entertain his Heart with celestial Delights, so much above the Pleasure of this World, that they are ineffable to be described by words, or to be conceived, but by those who feel how much spiritual Joys, in a divine Conversation with God, does transcend all carnal Enjoyments, with as much elevated hopes of a prepossession of *Heaven*, as Men are capable of in this World.

Though I have read in a divine *Author*, That the Soul that is upon good grounds fully assured of its future Bliss, is already in *Heaven*, and has begun to take possession of Glory. If this be so (as I hope it is) our eternal Bliss begins and fixes here; which ought

ought to baffle the Joys and Troubles of this World, and the Terrour of Death also, with a constant, present Felicity to be with God the moment we expire. For I do believe, that God mocks no Man with a hope of *Heaven* that he shall miss of, if he seek it as he ought. I do not say that I do this; but I do averr, That I will not change the Happiness I have in my Retirement, to be a Prince without it. I do own God's Mercies to me in every thing, and do serve him the best I can in all things, and do envy no Man's Talents who can serve him better.

I write not to instruct wise Men, but to shew some *Ideas* of Devotion, for such weak Brains as mine to work upon.

If these be not good Arguments for my Retirement, I wish that you may find better in your publick Conversation.

Your humble Servant,

January 5.
1692.

W. K.

On Humane Weakness.

WE have no means to please Almighty God,
 But to beg Mercy, and avoid his Rod;
 We have no Joys on Earth that can sustain
 Our Souls, or free our Flesh from constant pain.
 Our hearts alone are only ours to give,
 And only can dispose 'em while we live;
 And that's so hard a Task, we always find
 Some difficulties, still divert the mind
 From *Heaven*, where all good Men desire to be,
 Yet fear to go, which is a Mystery,
 And such a Riddle, that 'twere worth the while
 Our selves unto our selves to reconcile.

We must all die.

THO' we know not when, we do all know why
 It is decreed by God that we must die:
 And since no remedy can death prevent,
 To free us from that fatal punishment,
 Let us consider how we surely may
 The daily Terrours of that Doom allay.
 The first thoughts then that should our hearts possess,
 Our Souls are not depriv'd of happiness,
 Whose lasting Essence must for ever be
 Immortal, living by the same Decree.
 But where! the Question is; for none can tell,
 Whether he be destin'd to *Heaven* or *Hell*,
 Till by the light of Scripture, or by Grace,
 We may be certain of the better place.

For

For then will death our blessed Souls convey
To our immortal Bliss, the surest way.
This is a Lesson for all Men to learn,
But is decrepid age's chief concern,
Who ought to watch for their last puff of Breath,
Which brings true life, tho' we do call it Death,
Which only faithless Men and Children fright,
But to good Men proves their supream Delight.

On Nineveh's Repentance.

IF God an Angel should from *Heaven* send,
To bid us fast and pray, can we pretend
To feast and dance, and not our God offend?
When we his Goodness and his Will withstand,
By slighting of so gentle a Command;
Instead of Fire and Sword, when Tyrants rage,
Slew Saints by thousands in the former age.
Much greater now will our Offences prove,
When we despise such favour and such love.
When Piety and Grace so fast decay,
That (as we ought) few neither fast nor pray,
But careless throw our precious time away;
As if the world were given us to despise
Our God, and shew we scorned to comply,
Till he appears in Glory, with such power,
As will both *Heaven* and *Earth* by fire devour.
Our wanton wealth and luxuries do look,
As if our stubborn Nation were forsook
By God, until our *Nineveh* repent
In sack-cloth and in ashes, to prevent
Our fatal Doom, and his just Punishment.
Unless our Princes do without delay,
Teach all the People how to fast and pray,
We may be all together swept away.

But

But this God's love and anger may divide,
So as to lay his flaming Sword aside;
And with his glorious Shield and Spear to rise,
And free us from our subtlest Foes surprize.
Thus we may convert God's severe Decree
To love (by our profound humility)
And find delicious Joy to fast and pray,
When fervent, sacred Zeal bears all the sway.

On Dying daily.

TO write of Dying, and to spend our breath
In long discourses of approaching death,
Is not the daily dying we should learn,
Nor is such practice of so much concern ;
For we should live in every respect
Like pious Men ; or we that rule neglect,
Which is the true superlative degree
Of dying daily, while we living be.
To live in Heaven while we on Earth remain,
Will greater joy, and highest honour gain ;
For death by God is unto good Men sent,
To give eternal life, not punishment.

Tho' Christ declares 'tis him whom we do feed,
 When we relieve his Children in their need;
 And may with justice rather curse than bless
 Such wicked men as do his poor oppress.

On negligent cold Prayers.

IF thy Devotion be not always alike delightful, examine thy own heart, if thy Addresses to God be alike zealous, if thy fervency of Spirit be not sometimes slackned; and then do not wonder if God gives cold encouragement to cold Petitions; he values his great Blessings at a higher price, than to part with them to Men that mind not what they ask, nor unto whom they pray. He gives his bright shining favours, only unto flaming hearts, that think of God with awful reverence, and pray with such angelical adoration in their approaches to the Throne of Mercy, as may obtain the secret joy of a divine rapture in Devotion; with such *Ideas* of eternal bliss, as will not be purchased at an easier rate, than a whole heart offer'd up to God in a daily Sacrifice.

On a Desire to die.

IT is a great mistake to think all Men desire to be with God, whose afflictions make them desire to die, only to be rid of their uneasiness on Earth, as if they could flatter God to welcome them to Heaven, who never had a thought of going thither, until their Joys on Earth forsook them. Such Men should consider, that God's all-seeing Eye searches the
 the

the heart, and discerns when Men's chief arguments for love to him are his divine Perfections, and their gratitude for Benefits received; such a flaming Zeal may raise Men's Souls to such ineffable Joys on Earth, as Men truly pious can only judge of.

On frequent Meditation.

AS our Saviour said, when he likened Heaven to a Grain of Mustard-seed; so may I say of a Grain of divine Meditation; if it be sown in a rectified heart, it will in a little time grow unto so great a Joy, that nothing can reach nearer to Heaven; for it will raise the Soul of such a Man thither, that sets himself to a constant practice of blowing those divine Sparks into a flaming love of God, by frequent Meditations; which ought to be the Souls food daily, to make them live unto eternity in Heaven, and by custom will create fresh Joys every day, so fast and delightful, as is ineffable to be express'd by words; nor can any Man's fancy reach those constant pleasures, but he that feels and relishes such divine Ecstasies as a spiritualiz'd Soul can rise to.

On Time mis-spent.

Time is the greatest Treasure that we have
 For use, between our Cradle and our Grave;
 Which we still study how to pass away,
 Tho' no Man can its pace one moment stay.
 'Tis strange that Nature should such Joys resist,
 By which we naturally do subsist;

So

So often tir'd with idle thoughts in health,
 As if we knew not how to spend such wealth;
 But daily with we could to Time add wings,
 Tho' his approach no welcome tiding brings;
 Yet various hopes still in our hearts create
 Fresh Objects to abuse, not mend our Fate.

How to improve our Time.

First is to be contented with our Lot,
 Not to repine for that we yet want not.
 When health with food and raiment will suffice,
 We may abounding Plenty then despise,
 For the short time that we on Earth remain.
 But they who would celestial Joys obtain,
 May think Time slow, whose sure tho' lazie pace,
 Keeps them too long from seeing of God's face,
 Whose righteous Souls, by Meditation, fly
 Faster than Time can pass their Destiny;
 And so a quicker prepossession take
 Of Heaven, than lingring long-liv'd Time doth make.
 When Meditations are divinely set,
 God and our Souls are in conjunction met.
 Thus we may out-ride Time, our Joys improve
 By greater speed, when we converse above,
 In frequent Raptures of Seraphick Bliss,
 While our diviner Thoughts do practise this.

How to excuse, and how to inform unlearned Men.

IT is not possible for unlearned Men to judge the Opinions of great Doctors, who seldom do agree in the nicest points of the divine Philosophy, because the *Greek*, the *Hebrew*, and the *Syriack* Characters, do afford various Senses to dispute on, and to exercise their Wit to inform the World the right way to Heaven, which too often does produce quite contrary effects. In the Thoughts of universal Ignorants, who know no rule to judge the right, and so do doubt of all. Let such Men walk in the plainest and most trodden paths to Heaven, and be comforted with assurance, that

He who does love God most, will serve him best,
And will by Faith in Christ be surely blest.

On Dooms-Day.

Since Saint-like Innocence from Earth is fled,
And ancient Vertue in most Nations dead,
It shows Religion so deformed grown,
By various Sects, that most Men now have none;
But such vile Pretences for *Ambition*,
That *Anti Christians* only dare to own;
Tho' covertly too many do combine
To propagate so wicked a Design,
Such as no sad Example can prevent,
Nor make such bloody Tyrants e'er repent;
Who think an universal *Monarch* might
Destroy whole Nations, for his own delight,

By

By daily breach of *God's* direct Command,
 When Love and Charity for Cyphers stand ;
 While Fire and Sword do desolations make
 Throughout the World, that will no warning take,
 But still provoke our much-incensed God,
 To smite us with his most devouring Rod,
 To terrife such Sinners in our Times,
 As do exceed bold *Korah's* fatal Crimes ;
 With flaming Streams and gaping Earth devour
 Millions of Men, with Cities, in one hour.
 That makes us shake, and in amazement stand,
 To think our Dooms-day may be near at hand ;
 When Seas may swallow Islands on command,
 As well as Earth does Cities on the Land.

On Sicknefs and Health.

OF sick Men's Zeal we make no kind of doubt,
 When the sharp pains of Strangury, or Gout,
 Molest them, with such restless agony,
 That good Men are compell'd to wish to die,
 Because their flesh no longer can sustain
 Patience, with such intolerable pain.
 If our foundation for all joy in wealth,
 Be best supported by a constant health ;
 How much more Zeal then may our strength and ease
 In gratitude afford, than a Disease
 Pretends to? only to avoid the Rod,
 When our health clearly shews our love to *God*,
 By making ready with serene delight,
 For a quick Summons to our *Maker's* sight ;
 When we do frequently *Hallelujahs* sing,
 That without pain will us to Heaven bring ;
 With cheerful hearts more gratitude express,
 Than sick Men's sighs and groans aloud profess.

All Men must die.

WE must die, and 'tis happy that we must,
 And not our natural affections trust,
 Lest our weak Faith beget in us content
 To dwell on Earth, as a just punishment;
 For loving of so troublesome a Fate;
 And valuing Heaven at so low a rate,
 As ne'er to wish that we may thither go;
 While God will give us leave to live below.
 To finish some great Business, we pretend
 From time to time, until our Journey's end.
 But God's Decree will our defects supply;
 Who has brdain'd that all who live shall die:
 When he calls, Death admits of no delay,
 All arguments laid by, we must obey.

To my proud, rich Censurer.

YOU say true, I a Beggar am, and poor,
 But have had more than you have, heretofore;
 Honesty and Poverty were no Crimes
 Accounted, 'mongst wise Men in former times.
 And if we now consider right, there's none
 But Beggars from the Street-Cripple to the Throne.
 The ragged poor beg alms of all they see
 Of my dependers, and they beg of me;
 And I as humbly beg the Prince I serve;
 For such grants, as I think I do deserve;
 My Prince that in a higher Station stands,
 Begs of the Parliament, whom he commands;
 And they beg their Elections, and the Purse
 Of all the People, which is much the worse;

And

And

And all the Nation beg for *Grace from God*,
 For Peace and Plenty, as their livelihood.
 So that the whole World is in some degree,
 Liable to some kind of Beggary.
 If thy loose tongue do want an argument
 To rail, *My want is a just punishment*
 For my past luxuries, which I confess
 Were daily acted to a great excess.
 And unto which thou may'st as justly add,
 My many sins; while I was blivdly mad.
 Yet after all, in Charity might tell
 By what well known great accidents I fell,
 To want; and yet if justice I obtain,
 I shall my former Lands and State regain.
 Till then, let not thy heart thy want despise;
 For I am happier in this disguise,
 Than all thy wealth and gaiest robes make thee,
 Which I have worn, with more variety,
 Than thy thin Fortune will thy pride allow,
 Of which thou so much prat'st, and boastest now.
 But if injustice does gainst me prevail,
 My faith in God's great Mercy, will not fail.
 To give me Paradise, instead of Gold,
 With present joys too glorious to be told.
 I scorn thy Wealth, thy Titles, and thy Wit,
 And only unto God's Decrees submit,
 And all thy malice do forgive; &c.

On

On Gratitude.

Lord, let my Gratitude rejoyce, to find
 My Nature is so much by Grace refin'd,
 That thou hast wean'd me from the World, and
 Me learn to know thy will, yet still afraid (made
 Of a relapse, till thy divinest light
 Guides and inflames my heart with such delight;
 As will create Seraphick Joys to see,
 And to observe, adore, and worship thee;
 Then will my zeal be fix'd, and my retreat
 From fading glories, to thy Mercy-seat;
 Will fill my Soul with Raptures so divine,
 As will declare thee mine, and make me thine;
 Than which, there does no greater bliss remain,
 But thy beatick Vision to obtain.

On Faith, as the best Wedding-Garment.

Lord, enrich my heart with Faith, as the best
 Wedding-Garment, for this most sacred Feast;
 Lest doubting of thy mercy should create
 More sin, to raise and aggravate thy hate,
 Instead of pardon for those Crimes are past,
 And leave no remedy for this at last.
 Such doubting strikes at thy Omnipotence;
 To slight thy Mercy is a great offence,
 Next to presuming on't with insolence.
 I therefore beg thy holy Spirit may
 Direct my Faith, and teach me how to pray.

On a Reprobate's Repentance.

I Thank my God, that now my Zeal doth burn,
 Like the joy'd Prodigal's, in his return:
 Tho' not adorn'd with glorious Robes and Rings,
 To fix the reconciled Sons of Kings.
 I meet my Father with his smiling face,
 After his anger, and my just disgrace,
 Who will so great a Reprobate embrace;
 And with bless'd Comforts make my heart aspire
 To such a Sonship as I most desire;
 Such as may *Adam's* Innocence excell
 In Paradise, before he sinn'd, and fell.

The Hope of a true Penitent.

Lord, now my Soul does relish a delight
 In thee; I am assur'dly in the right,
 And will not doubt but my addresses may,
 With hope, encourage my joy'd heart to pray,
 For a prime place in the great Judgment-day,
 Where no Man's Vertue can by merit claim
 Such Mercy, as belongs to God's great Name,
 Where Sorrow only and Repentance can
 Restore to favour a relapsed man.
 Thus will the solitary hours I spend
 In worshipping of God, in glory end,
 If I perform the Sonship I pretend.

On Faith with Repentance.

Lord, let thy grace and mercy never cease,
 To make my joy and gratitude encrease,
 By hating my beloved former Crimes,
 (And repetitions) in these purer Times.
 Since now 'tis clearly taught and understood,
 That we are ransom'd by our Saviour's Blood,
 When worthily receiv'd, with faith and love,
 'Twill comfort bring, and sure Salvation prove.
 With what care then (as an invited Guest)
 Should I prepare for this celestial Feast!
 Where Penitence with Faith assur'dly brings
 Full pardons unto Beggars as to Kings.
 Words quickly said, and are as soon forgot,
 As our past sins, which we remember not
 So often as we ought, with grief and shame,
 Nor long rejoyce to be thus freed from blame,
 That by a miracle of mercy gain
 Eternal bliss, through our great Prophet slain.

On a good Man's desire to be in Heaven.

THose who dare shake the Hour-glass in Death's
 (hand,
 To make the quicker passage for the Sand,
 Have mounting Souls, with a serene delight,
 To hasten us to God's beatick sight,
 And surely may a better welcome gain,
 Than those that longer would on Earth remain.

To a careless Sinner.

THou dost not, sure, believe that thou shalt die,
 Or never think'st upon it seriously ;
 Because thou liv'st as if thou didst disdain,
 After this life, ever to rise again :
 Else thou wouldst set a higher price upon
 The Glories of thy Resurrection :
 For 'tis not possible a Man of sense
 Can always hold so ill intelligence
 With Heaven, as not to wish, or not to fear,
 He never may, or never would come there.

Some Caveats.

WHen petty Pleasures are procur'd with Gold,
 When youth is gone, and we decrepid old,
 There's no more *Gusto* than a Tale twice told.

The greatest Monarchs, while they flourished,
 Were honour'd and ador'd ; but being dead,
 Were soon forgot, and only pitied.

So that whatever Marble Tombs pretend,
 All their gay glories never can defend
 Their pamper'd bodies from the Beggar's end.

Cesar and *Alexander* both became
 The highest splendor of a glorious Name ;
 And yet in some things both deserved blame.

So that when Men have all the World subdu'd,
 They may themselves, and all their Fame delude,
 Unless they do in Piety conclude.

Those

Those mighty Hero's car'd not to be good,
(But brave) because they never understood
The sacred Sanction of our Saviour's Blood.

But those who saw the Miracles he did,
And heard how boldly he their Crimes forbid,
Are justly scourg'd, instead of being chid.

What's our due then, who do believe, yet run
The course which that accursed Crew began,
To slight God, and re-crucify his Son?

Which shews Men want some Caveats to restrain
The idle Fancies of a busie Brain,
That frequent losses bring, instead of gain.

These serious Thoughts are Caveats to despise
Such Crimes, as from our idle hours may rise,
And captivate our Senses in disguise.

Till by a power divine we can obtain
Such bright, serener joys, as will sustain
Our Souls, and to eternity remain.

For we are born to learn, and to express,
By daily actions, what we do profess
To purchase everlasting happiness.

On Poverty.

Pure honest Poverty in former times,
Was no disgrace ; but now our latter Crimes
Have introduc'd new kinds of punishments,
To expiate our sins, for old Contempts
In luxury, and such profuse expence,
That we are now chastiz'd for that offence,
With Penury, to make us own our shame,
And free all present accidents from blame :
Which from God's mercy now to us is sent,
To make our most obdurate hearts repent,
And yet there may such poverty proceed
From wicked Men, whose malice have decreed
Our ruine, to get wealth for their support,
In spite of right, or their damnation for't,
And such absurd, base scandals do invent,
That no man's innocence can e'er prevent.
From such Devils, good Lord, deliver me,
As hate all those, who truly worship thee ;
And with profound repentance do submit
To all the judgments that our God thinks fit ;
And make the poverty I now endure,
For all excesses past a perfect cure.

On Pride.

OF all the Vanities I know, 'tis Pride,
 Which all the World most justly may deride,
 That like an Ass, with golden Trappings dress'd,
 Thinks himself 'bove all other Beasts the best ;
 And when he brays, does all that hear him fright,
 Mistaking their amazement for delight ;
 Like gilded Fools, that only learn of late
 To strut, and make loud noise when they do prate ;
 For Pride did ne'er the greatest man adorn,
 Nor free him from God's hate, and wise Men's scorn.
 Satan for Pride, and for Ambition fell,
 With his accursed Crew, from Heav'n to Hell.

On Pride's Kindred.

PRide's next of kin, are such as do despise
 Their Neighbours, for the Motes in their dark
 (Eyes ;
 Who first their own Beams should remove, then
 (learn :
 That Rule, by which they may such Motes discern,
 And by this caution constantly prevent
 Such rash Censures, that do raise discontent
 Between good Friends, who seldom will endure
 A blind Man's Precepts, till himself he cure.

Septemb.

Septemb. 3. 1693. ~

On this Day's Sacrament received.

L O R D,

I Did believe, but not such joy conceive
As since I did thy Sacrament receive,
To ratifie thy mercy, and my zeal,
By adding of thy Holy Spirit's Seal
Upon my heart, to manifest thy love,
And all my doubts and fears by faith remove,
Which made me shrink from death; but now my
(voice
Shall Hallelujah's sing, and Soul rejoice,
To celebrate this Victory obtain'd
O'er all my sins, by thy blest'd Conduct gain'd.
How great then is my Obligation grown,
If thou wilt this day my Election own,
By adding joys on joys, and grace on grace,
Till I in glory come to see thy face!
And now adore and worship thy great Name,
With warm addresses from this sacred flame.

On

On Adoption.

I Have read, that he who lives in a constant, uniform Obedience to the Gospel, and performs the Conditions required in it, departs sincerely from iniquity, and shuts up the ways that lead him into temptation, may give himself as strong and comfortable an assurance, that he is an adopted Child of God, as if a voice from the Clouds should tell him so; and is a good argument for frequent Meditations.

How to know when our Sins are forgiven.

IT has been asked, How a Soul may know when her Sins are forgiven? and answered thus: When she finds the same affection to God, with his that said, *I hate iniquity, and all false ways I utterly abhor.* Yet *David*, who said so, did die, and so must we. Tho' our Souls may, by the same grace, become of the same temper with his, and our sins be forgiven too; yet we may consider how few Men do slip out of this World into eternity, with a joyful hearty delight to be with God (through divine Love) which is the highest perfection of an holy life; and is our greatest assurance to manifest our sins forgiven, when our Souls are by faith so fixed on God, as to know no joy so great as such spiritual Comforts do raise, when we desire to be in Heaven; which taught *David* to hate iniquity, and to abhor all false ways; and so reduced him from all his sins, to become a man after God's own Heart.

On

On Reconciliation before we die.

IF we fully consider our manifold sins, and the horrid Punishment due unto us for them, if not forgiven before we die, 'twill make us tremble at the approach of Death. But if we do believe in Christ's plenteous Redemption, with G O D's immense Mercy to deliver us from Hell's eternal Torments, and exalt us unto *Heaven's* eternal Joy and Glory; it may be justly said, Happy is that Man who can obtain such a Reconciliation with G O D before he die (as daily to delight in the Meditation of a sudden Death, with inward assurance of his eternal Bliss the moment he expires) which is the highest Exaltation of Joy on Earth, and will be the greatest Comfort at the hour of Death; and ought to be the chief Business of all Men to live and die so, who do march every moment, from our Cradles, dying, towards our Graves.

On Heavenly Joy.

WHate'er we do on Earth, we all pretend
Heaven is our Home, Heaven is our Journey's
(end.)

That's true Seraphick Joy, when we do find
Such elevated Bliss, as fills the Mind
With high transports of God's celestial Throne,
And all our meaner Objects we disown:
Yet sometimes spoil our bless'd angelick rest,
To rowl on Roses, when on Thorns is best,
Vainly thinking some diviner Grace
May smoothe afflictions with a smiling face;
When sighs and tears (if they come not too late)
More surely can our heavenly Joys create.
When God observes our Zeal to do our best
To please, we shall assuredly be bless'd;
And may expect to find more Penitents
Encircling of God's Throne, than Innocents:
Which shews sincere Repentance surely can,
With a fix'd Faith, restore relapsed Man.
Thus may our high-rai'd, warm addresles prove
Bright Ecstasies of the divinest Love.
Then will our Souls from dross be clean refin'd,
And by our sacred Chymist be calcin'd,
Fit for a Choir of Angels to attend
Such Saints, and sing them to their Journey's end.

On

On taking heed of all our Ways.

WHEN God reduces Sinners, to take heed
Of all their ways, in thought, in word and
(deed,
Repentance then will be of little use,
When all our actions will need no excuse:
We shall the World subdue, and stoutly stand
In full obedience unto God's Command.
And then will Death in glorious Robes descend
To guide, not fright us, at our Journey's end.
So that if we take heed in all our ways,
We shall the Devil defeat, and wear the Bays.

How

To a Friend.

My dear Friend,

I Have read in a divine Author, That if God be with us, he will make us see that he is with us; and will not depart from our sight, until he has brought us never to depart out of his. Which is a Lesson of high concern to Men in this World; for Thus to enjoy God here, is to be in Heaven before we die. When our Souls are thus transported with a continual divine Conversation with Almighty God, we may taste and relish his celestial Joys to some degree, so as to invite us to value his spiritual Comforts above all carnal Fruitions: So that our great Business is to improve this Blessing to the highest reach of humane Fancy, by a daily practice of holy Meditations, to contemplate and observe how God doth infuse this joyful enjoying of Him into our Souls, by the secret working of the Holy Ghost; when we set our selves with zealous integrity to find him there, to converse with us on this great lesson of his immense Mercy, with our humble prayers to be enlightned from above, to participate of such angelical Delights, as far as our frail Nature will admit of; which by frequent use, will bring us to such an habit of holy living, that God will manifest his presence ever with us, by an inward Felicity of divine Comforts, to such an assurance of our Election unto eternal Bliss, as is ineffable to be described: So that when we raise our Thoughts with a divine Desire, to know as much of God as we can know, and of his being with us, he will add of his *Grace* to enlarge our Capacities to
such

such heavenly Trances in Devotion, that we shall be with him, and he with us; as we do wish, with such a joy as will dread all diverting Occasions that shall obstruct those Emanations of his holy Spirit working in us.

And thus if we do entertain our selves by such frequent addresses to find *God*, he will daily meet, and ever dwell with us, if we unfeignedly desire to dwell with him; and will give us such a glimpse of his eternal Bliss, as may fix our hearts on Heaven, and make us live every moment in a joyful Expectation of Death's quickest Summons thither; and by this frequent entertainment of thy Soul with *God*, Thou, my Friend, wilt find such a communication with *God* on Earth, to be the highest Perfection of Piety, and a felicity much more delightful than all other Diversions, which can never reach such Seraphick Joys, as I wish to thee my Friend:

On the Fear of Death.

IF we fully consider our manifold Sins, and the horrid Judgment due unto us for them, it may well be said, Happy is that Man who can obtain such a Reconciliation with God before he die, as daily to delight in the meditation of a sudden death, with inward assurance of his eternal Bliss the moment that he expires. Because all our *Ideas* of the divine Felicities above, do seldom invite Men to welcome Death with cheerful Hearts: Our fears are so much stronger than our Faith, that too many Men do rather think, than find they do believe that Christ's plenteous Redemption will cancel all their Crimes, and bring them into Heaven; and therefore dare not really rejoyce to look on death; but start back from such angelick Happiness, as he brings good Men to participate of, in God's eternal Glory; which natural infirmity of doubting, can only, by an illustrious Faith, be removed; and that Faith, by frequent Prayers, be obtained. Then, thus to live, and so to die, will make us live and die in great tranquility, though not to reach St. Stephen's Faith, who saw *Heaven* open to him; yet to so great a degree of divine Raptures in Devotion, as to be filled with elevations of an inward assurance of our Election, which must come from God, when the Soul is in such a blessed Trance of celestial Delight, that is ineffable to be described. How near such joy is to the joy we read of in Paradise; when fervent Zeal is by a lively Faith so raised, and fixed in God by frequent Meditations, it is a wonder that such Men can fear to die, or doubt to go to God with cheerful Hearts, when thus invited, and thus led by his holy Spirit, with such bright illuminations of surprizing joys, while those divine Flames last,

G

cheer-

as cannot be related. When Men's hearts are warmed with such Seraphick high Transports of Love and Mercy from Almighty God, to give true Penitents some taste of their eternal Glory; that being thus enlightned, they may not fear to die; but rather welcome death, who comes to carry them to Heaven, which is the highest Exaltation of the Soul's joy, so to delight in God, that the expectation of Heaven may be more pleasant, than all the momentary Fruitions of this World are, compared unto a blessed incomprehensible Eternity,

Which neither Wit nor Fancy can express,
 When multiplying numbers make it less;
 When neither first nor last can e'er be known
 Points so far distant, yet so join'd in one,
 That the eternal Circle shews us none,
 But is a secret known to God alone.
 'Tis such a sacred Riddle, so profound,
 That humane Wisdom never can expound;
 But leaves us still to wonder and adore,
 What will be after, and what was before.

On the Power of Faith.

THough Men by Nature born to fear, and to avoid what may seem hurtful, yet that fear by Grace and Faith may be converted into divine Valour of the highest kind, as is evident by the Three Children in the fiery Furnace, and by *Daniel* in the Lion's Den; which with other the like Examples, should invite such Men as trust in God, not to fear what he only can prevent, if he thinks fit; and though a fearful Man cannot remove a Mole-hill for want of Faith, much less Mountains; how little Faith then have we, when the noise only of Ill News does affright our unsettled Souls with

with dismal apprehensions of what may never happen more than the ill event brings with it, if it do, unto such pious men as live prepar'd to bear afflictions for few moments here, with faithful, joyful Thoughts of their eternal Happiness in Heaven. So that we see the Power of Faith will remove the greatest terrour, and work Miracles, when Men dare trust in God.

Lord, give me grace to live, as I do write,
And as thy holy Spirit shall indite,
To manifest thy mighty Mercy shown
To such a Reprobate as must own.

Christ's Doctrine to suffer.

CHRIST'S Doctrine is with patience to inure
Our selves to suffer, what he did endure
On Earth; from that malicious, cursed Crew,
Who scorn'd his Miracles, and boldly slew
Their bless'd *Messiah*, who did then submit
To die, because his Father did think fit,
That we, redeemed by his precious Blood,
Might trust in him, who dy'd to do us good;
And now may sighing sing, and weeping pray
Our death may prove our highest Holy-day,
When we with Christ in Paradise appear,
And shine amongst those blessed Angels there.

On the Power of Love to God.

TO love and fear God, is what every good Christian doth own, and what most Men think they do; but very few, I fear, do understand what it is to love and fear Him as we ought, with all our Heart, Soul, and Mind, above all other Objects whatever; which is a Lesson of great use to bring Mento *Heaven*; who know that we are dying eve-

ry moment that we live, and cannot with more pleasure here, than we shall find by serving God thus: For those who can love him with all their Heart, and Mind, will worship, and adore him with the same Zeal, and will obey, praise, thank, pray, and trust in him with the like fervent affection, in all their divine addresses, with their utmost endeavours to be with him in *Heaven*; which *God* never will reject; nor can eternal Bliss be purchased at a lower rate of Love.

Thus *God* exposes *Heaven*, to entice
 Good Men, to purchase at the Market-price;
 When Love, with all its Perquisites, comply,
 To fix a blessed Immortality
 On such exalted Souls, as take delight
 To meditate on his beatick sight.
 When their enlightned Faith does bring them there,
 (Enrich'd with love) they'll bid adieu to fear,
 And leave no arguments to justifie
 Such timorous Men, as dare not think to die;
 Though their eternal joy will then be such,
 That none will have too little, or too much.
 And those who truly love, will surely find
 Their happiness by *God* is predesign'd,
 Who sees the heart and thoughts of every Man,
 That loves and serves him to the best they can.

On Faith.

WHEN Faith grows strong, our Fancies will soar
 To search the secrets of Eternity; (high,
 Which to our Souls are of so near concern,
 That no man can a greater Lesson Learn,
 Nor have a more serene, celestial Bliss,
 Than he'll enjoy, by practising of this

Great

Great step, which by degrees will lead him on
To the sacred Seat of his *Adoption*,
Where Faith 'bove all the Gifts of Grace will shine;
With Love in Bliss, and Glory most divine.

On God's Mercy.

Our God from us his Glory keeps conceal'd;
Because it would destroy us, if reveal'd:
His Essence we can never understand;
'Tis well if we obey his just Command;
For God to mortal Man will never teach
Such great Secrets; because what we can reach,
By Nature cloy, as soon as had or known:
He therefore lets us live by Faith alone;
Still subject to so many hopes and fears,
That our prime Joys are damp'd by frequent tears;
Which daily do our sorrows multiply,
Until death comes, to tell us we must die;
The only remedy ordain'd to cure
All sorts of evils that we here endure.
Yet God in mercy makes amends at last,
To free us from all miseries are past,
By raising them to bliss, who do their best
To gain a share in his eternal rest;
Which best in God's esteem is to do all
Was done by blest'd St. *Stephen* and St. *Paul*.

On true Valour.

Happy are they, who in these latter days,
Are fill'd with love, with gratitude and praise
To God, whose joyful Souls do ever fly
With highest thoughts of their Eternity;
And by the actions of their lives declare,
That Faith in Christ, has conquer'd their despair,
For all past Crimes; and now with Death has made
Strict Friendship, never more to be afraid

Of his most sick alarms, in disguise,
 Nor of his quickest Summons by surprize.
 And thus the greatest Cowards in the Land,
 For Valour may in competition stand,
 With any Hero's of the former age,
 Or those who now in a just cause engage,
 When Courage is a Vertue to be brave,
 And sets a Crown on such a Soldier's grave.

On Relapsed Man in Paradise.

When Youth with strength, wealth, and beauty
 (flourish,
 Some short joys our wanton hearts may nourish;
 But when old age is much decrepid grown,
 We ought with sighs and tears great Sorrows own,
 For idle hours that we have vainly spent,
 Without the sense of shame or punishment;
 And if we die in that unhappy state,
 All hopes of mercy then will come too late;
 So that if age revive, and propagate
 Past sins, till they do greater Crimes create,
 'Twill turn old *Age's* Blessings into hate.
 Then let no mortal man presume to think
 He cannot see, when he is pleas'd to wink;
 For no Man yet was ever such a Sot,
 That *Age* his former Crimes had so forgot,
 That on his Crutches thinks 'tis boldly brave,
 Loaden with Crimes to creep into the Grave.
 Much worse than Youth, when cross'd in his desire,
 In a mad fit, dares leap into the fire:
 Which shows, that all our *Ages* here, ne'er can
 Retrieve the Curses of relapsed Man;
 Till faith in Christ create a brighter flame,
 Impow'ring men to have a surer claim

To

To Heaven, at our blessed Saviour's cost,
Than that, which *Adam's* disobedience lost.
By which, we the intrinsick Treasure find
Of future joys, in a Seraphick mind.

On the Power of Faith.

IF all Men did our Christian Graces understand,
That like good Heraulds we might rank them
according to their antiquity and merit, *Faith* may
claim the highest dignity and place, as of just right,
to be the most fixed foundation on the blessed Rock
of our Salvation, which will, unmov'd, withstand
the greatest Storms, when lofty Structures built on
Sand, are, with Wind and Rain, soon tumbled down.
And if we mind those mighty Miracles of the first
Ages, they all relate unto *Faith*. Our blessed Sa-
viour also used to say, *Whosoever believeth in me,*
shall never die: (Do you believe that I can do this?
and then, Be it done according to your *Faith*) *Thy*
Faith has made thee whole. The Woman with the
bloody Issue, had no other application for her
Cure but *Faith*.

Without *Faith*, what signifies our Creed?
And to what purpose did our Saviour bleed!
If we all Doubting could from Faith divide,
Pure Faith would then in greatest triumph ride.
God grant all those the Power of Faith, that die
In joyful Hopes of blest'd eternity;
When their departing Souls will gladly own,
By faith they rise from Dunghills to a Throne.

How to delight in GOD.

THe Text says, *Delight in the Lord, and he will give thee thy hearts desire*: And no doubt but if we delight in him, with the highest faculty of our Souls (above all carnal appetites) with contemplation of his glorious *Essence* and *Attributes*, in frequent fervent Prayers, with continual Gratitude for his daily Mercies. To adore him as we might, we should find such a rejoycing in God, to be the most voluptuous felicity that the heart of Man is capable of. But we mock our selves too often with a belief of this Felicity, by a careless searching short in our own Hearts, for a clear proof of the divine Perfection of this delighting in God; which every Man must find in himself; for no Man can correct the unseen Errours of his Neighbour's heart. So that it must be every Man's concern to examine his own Conscience, how much he rejoyces in God, more than in all worldly Fruitions; and according to his proportion in excelling therein, his peace of Conscience will prove the more exalted joyful Feast, and will create in him the greatest hope of his heart's promised desire, and is the surest way to remove our natural Fear of Death, who only can lead us to glory; which all Men ought to think on, more than all other affairs in this World: For if we delight in God as we ought,

We should the clear intrinsick value find,
 When Grace enriches a delighted Mind;
 That trusts in God; and by such bless'd converse,
 Excells all pleasures of the Universe,
 Which no Man's Faith nor Fancy can conceive,
 Till that delightful practice gives him leave:

Then

Then Souls enlightned by that holy fire,
 Will pass to Paradise when they expire;
 An higher Bliss can no Man's heart desire
 Though worldly joys may all our Senses please,
 The Soul's joy makes them all but a diseale.
 But when God's glory in our Souls doth shine,
 It shews those holy Raptures are divine.

Yet we ought not to think, that every petty pleasing Object that assaults our Senses, doth deserve the Name of a Delight, more than little Children have for every new Baby they do see. But when the Soul's supreme delight is so fixed on God, that every address brings men as near to him, as Souls can come while they are involved in Clay; yet by a flaming Zeal, and such high mounting Faith, as doth believe that God is every-where, and Heaven with him, and them, are altogether at that time there. Where such joys may grow up to such a divine Delight in God, as will come nearest unto his beatick sight (tho' few Men seek it by such practice as we might) and therefore cannot fantasie such transcending Bliss on Earth, as those hermetick Liv'ers have, who daily do converse in Heaven, with great delight, in expectation of a quick Summons thither; and such Piety may be truly called, *Delighting in God*.

'Tis said my Book does need apology,
 To beg a Pardon for tautology;
 Which is a Crime I never understood,
 If the repeated matter be all good;
David's Example, as my Pattern, may
 Excuse that Errour, and for pardon pray.

On

On the Power of Divine Meditation.

David says God requires no Sacrifice,
 But Penitence and Faith; he does despise
 The Blood of Beasts; We are to thank and praise
 His holy Name, and honour him always.
 And if we trust him as we ought, Mankind
 Will be, by frequent Comforts, so refin'd,
 That we on Earth shall have a daily taste
 Of his eternal Peace, and joys at last.
 If *David's* Rules authentick be, That God
 Had rather use his Mercy than his Rod,
 And proffers Heaven at so cheap a rate,
 T'invite us to become regenerate.
 What labour less can mortal Men invent,
 To gain God's favour, and 'scape his punishment!
 If thus our Duty may his Favour claim,
 All Men will trust and honour his great Name.
 Such Ecstasies in Meditation will
 Men's heads with glorious heavenly Visions fill;
 And by degrees our Souls with joys advance,
 To think that we are there in such a trance;
 And find that such enlightning Zeal as this,
 Is emanation for our future Bliss.

A Dream of Heaven.

THough Sleep Death's Image be, I have been now,
 I know not where, convey'd I know not how!
 Where something did appear so dazling bright,
 I could not see its Glory, for the Light.
 My Soul surpriz'd with Wonder; and amaze,
 Methought I pray'd, and did forbear to gaze:
 Frighted and pleas'd at what I lik'd, and fear'd,
 I found it was a Dream of Heaven appear'd;
 Which

Which waking fled ; but did my Fancy fill
With blessed *Ideas*, which abide there still
With such transporting joy, that I can weep
To think of what I had, and could not keep.

On a Dream of Hell.

STart not, my Soul, 'tis but a Dream, to show }
The dismal Terrors of eternal Woe,
Which unrepenting Sinners feel below :
Where Satan with his cursed Crue do dwell,
For their Ambition tumbled down to Hell ;
While we rejoice on the Divine Presence
Of our exalted Bliss, by Penitence.
Those fiery Streams, we seem to see,
May give us joy to find that we are free
From that sad Doom, where Torments never cease,
But rather to Eternity increase:
While our Conversion doth aloud proclaim,
What mighty Honour due to God's great Name ;
Who will, in Mercy, save a Reprobate,
If his Repentance do not come too late ?

On Death.

'**T**Is very strange the World should still comply, }
To think that Death is sent to make us dye, }
By leading us to Immortality :
And the same moment does our souls convoy
From worldly slavery to eternal joy.
So that we ought to find some other Name }
For God's great Messenger, that bears our blame }
Alone, tho' Life and Death are both the same
Moment our eternal Lot, to end this strife,
We may treat Death as our first step to Life :
No terror find by our remove from hence,
When all our Happiness proceeds from thence.

The

The P O S T S C R I P T.

IF Heaven be, what we read, or hear and see, or do believe to be the glorious Habitation of the more glorious *Trinity*, that we pretend to love, to obey, to trust, worship and adore, as one united God, who has created Heaven and Earth, the Sea, and all therein; and from whom we do expect eternal happiness, when our Souls expire. How can we justify this Creed; if in our actions we daily do transgress what we so daily do profess, as if our present moments did afford us more concern, to pamper fading Flesh for being Worms meat in the Grave, above the nourishing of our Souls with heavenly *Manna*, to endure unto eternity.

If this be Gospel-Truth (as I think it is) I cannot chuse but wish and pray, that my Retirement may produce the like Effects in others, by reading what I write, to obtain the high Felicity I privately enjoy, transcending all the glistring Vanities that I have seen, and too largely shared in; but now know no Felicity in this World, to be compar'd unto the Joy of living ever ready to go out of it, which is not so easily done, as said, though we endeavour all we can.

*Now, Reader, I have nothing else to say;
But wish thee Grace to meditate and pray,
Which will high joys create, and teach thee why
True Piety will never fear to dye,
When arm'd with such Divine Philosophy.* }

F I N I S.

A D D E N D A.

On our cold desire to go to Heaven.

WE seem to prize the other World 'bove this;
 But fear to go to that undoubted Bliss.
 We find few Men, who would with *Enoch* fly,
 From hence to Heaven, (that dare soar so high !)
 Or with *Elijah*, would take like delight,
 To mount his Fiery Chariot, in his flight.
 Our Faith, for such Celestial Joy, comes short
 Of our Fruitions here ; where our Support
 Is what we see, and what we understand ;
 Which we preferr, before God's best command.
 Tho' Reason, and Religion, both agree
 To bring us to a Bless'd Eternity ;
 In the same moment, we are rais'd from hence,
 Through Faith, by God's Divineſt Influence :
 Which only can Immortal Life Create
 By Death, deſtroying this our Mortal Fate.
 So that, till we with God's Decree comply,
 We do not truly Live, until we Dye.

H

To

To a Friend in a fit of the Gout.

Welcome thy pain, my Friend; this Gout is sent
 In Mercy to fore-warn, and to prevent
 Thy Gluttonies, and Epicurean Crimes,
 Which were unpractis'd in our Fathers times.
 This is the effect of strong Falernian Wine,
 And pride, to wash thy Feet in Muscadine;
 By eating Mushrooms stew'd with Ambergreece,
 And the fat Livers of the Jews fed Geese,
 With Peacocks Eggs in gravy, to support
 Thy Luxuries, and now thou'rt punish'd for't.

On the Fear of Death.

TIS strange, that all Mankind should be afraid
 To Die! nor any arguments perswade
 Wise Men, from the terror of a Name;
 Death is God's Messenger, and we to blame,
 To antedate his Arrant, with such fear,
 As doubts to go with Him, we know not where
 Tho' Death's power, only can our Souls convey
 To Heaven; if we God's Holy Laws Obey.
 But we still struggle with undaunted strife
 To keep our dying Bodies, from true Life:
 For want of Faith, lest Death should by mistake
 Lead our sad Souls to the Infernal Lake;
 When such gross misdoubting Grace, only can
 Force Death to fright a misbelieving Man:
 Which shews the Glory of our future State,
 Is left to our own Option; not to Fate.

On

On true Devotion.

WHEN true Devotion is our chief delight,
 We may presume, 'tis pleasing in God's sight,
 And to our Souls; will sacred Bliss reveal,
 To fix and to eternalize our Zeal;
 And while we live, our blessed thoughts direct,
 To the Seraphick Joys of God's Elect.
 And will by our Adoption when we dye,
 Declare the glory of that dignity.

On God's wondrous Works.

WHEN we consider God's Word and Deed,
 And see the products of the smallest Seed,
 It doth our wonder greatly antedate
 With joy, and in our hearts fixt Faith create,
 It doth all doubtful thoughts, with truth confute,
 When fancy guides our Fingers on the Lute,
 But yet these petty arguments of sence,
 Must all submit to God's Omnipotence,
 In wonders of a higher nature shown!
 Which all the Christian World admires, and own;

But know not how the boystrous Sea or Land
 Do steady stand; (by God's Supreme Command.)
 Who has the Sun and Moon so firmly set,
 With Stars, in their fixt Spheres, that no Man yet,
 Can by his Industry or Art declare,
 How high or what circumference they are;
 And yet the Seat of God's Celestial Bliss,
 Is still to be admir'd! above all this
 Where God himself, Inthron'd is pleas'd to dwell,
 Which must in Glory, all the rest excell.

Tho' these be wonders of a large extent,
 There be some of much more wonderment !
 That God should all Offences here forgive,
 And grant us daily comforts while we live.
 By our Souls washing in the Crimson Flood,
 Of our Bless'd Saviours Sacramental Blood,
 By which he does our Claim to Heaven advance,
 When we approach in a Seraphick Trance ;
 And own his Mercies with intire delight,
 To glory in his bright Beatick light.

The more we think, the more we wonder ! and
 The less of Miracles we understand ;
 Why the same Earth, should ev'ry year produce
 Such various Fruits and Herbs, for humane use ;
 If Faith and Gratitude did not combine,
 To think such Meditations are Divine.
 When God with secret Bliss, such joys imparts
 As does create true Zeal in pious hearts ;
 And doth their Souls, with flaming Love invite
 To Paradise ; ineffable to write ;
 Unless his Holy Spirit should indite.

To my Old Sick Friend.

MY good Old Friend, why so sad ? does thy
 Age decline so fast ? that the *Idea* of thy
 Grave frights thee with fear to die. Are we not
 all dying ? and none knows who shall go next,
 nor how soon be gone ; if this occasion thy dismay,
 I will teach thee an Antidote that will dispell the
 Poyson of that Serpent's bite, and turn that univer-
 sal curse of Death, into a State of Bliss ; if thou
 can'st raise thy dejected Spirit to a quick sense of
 snaring the Eternal Joys of Heaven, with those de-
 parted

parted Saints, who by Faith, Prayer, and Penitence, are now exalted thither.

Let thy melancholy Meditations and Preparations for the Grave, be changed from a Gaol delivery; into a constant, chearful, zealous Conversation, in thy Divine Retirements, with God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; by a total Resignation of thy Soul, and all thy concerns unto them; and think with pleasure how near thou art arrived to thy Journeys end, to be with them in Paradise. Then such Celestial Thoughts will be thy most pleasant entertainment, and surely meet with surprising joy from Faith in Christ's plenteous Redemption; which will beget a hearty, speedy welcome unto Death's arrival, who comes to conduct thee to Eternal Bliss; and thou wilt also find, that every devout step towards this felicity of thy approaching Salvation; will make thy heart dance with a Saint-like delight, to baffle the terrors of the Grave; with a serene prospect of thy Eternal Happiness at hand; and so make thy last hours full of Angelical transporting joy to be with God, the moment thy Soul expires; fix thy heart thus, and all sad Thoughts will vanish, when a sincere Faith becomes predominant.

Thy Heart by practice, will delight in this
Divine Elixir of Eternal Bliss.

On vain Projectors.

NO mortal Man can limit or restrain,
 The boundless fancies of another's brain;
 But may such Fetters on his own Thoughts lay,
 As will keep them from wandering much astray;
 But naturally, Men add wings to try,
 How high their vain ambitious Hearts can fly,
 Until like *Icarus*, their waxen Wings
 Do melt, and all their hopes to ruin brings.
 But when our Souls do with Angelick Love
 Soar high; they will Celest'al joys improve
 To flaming Zeal, and raise our hearts so high;
 As will discern our Immortality.

To my Rich Friend become Poor.

TELL me, Old Friend, and speak the truth,
 If twenty Dishes in thy Youth,
 Did then more please, and gratifie
 Thy Stomach with that Gluttony,
 Which did Diseases daily breed;
 Till now thou dost on one Dish feed.
 Tell me if now thy constant health
 Gives not more joys than thy lost Wealth
 Afforded; by thy vast excess,
 In frequent Treats and Wantonness;
 Which made a noise, more than content,
 For all thy charge and time mispent.
 When to the Poor, half that expence,
 Would have procur'd God's Providence;
 And sav'd the loss of thy Estate,
 Which thou hast thought upon too late;

Tho

Tho' now thou dost aloud profess,
Thy Poverty proves Blessedness.

On Injustice.

IF Charity to Men, be God's Command?
Justice, must in much higher favor stand;
If neither can in wicked Men find place;
They slight God's Anger, and despise his Grace.
But these are petty Crimes, when Avarice
Doth harden hearts for gold; and Souls intice,
To sell Salvation at so cheap a Rate;
Such villanous intentions aggravate.
When a design'd premeditated cheat,
With a bold-fac'd fraud, shall just Right defeat,
And a false Cause by power shall justify;
Hell only can reward such Infamy;
For God with indignation does declare,
He will Poor Men's Oppressors never spare.

Against Momentary Joys.

NOW let my Friend, from sighs and sorrow cease,
For Crimes repented; let thy joy increase,
For thy serene assurance, lately gain'd,
Of pardon, by thy Saviour's Blood obtain'd;
Let thoughts of thy Eternal Glory rise,
And scorn all Earthly Bawbles that surprise
Unsteady Souls; with present fading Toyes
That cloud the brighter Beams of Heav'nly joys.
And boldly do those glist'ring bubbles try,
In hope they'll last unto Eternity.
Who raise their idle fancies, by their wit,
To practise Atheism, rather than submit

To

To part with present Moments of delight,
 To purchase Heav'n, with God's Beatick sight ;
 Who with his known Decrees, will not comply,
 But think to live, till they are pleas'd to dye.
 Tho of such Men, it may be truly said,
 They are that moment, both alive and dead.

The Terror of Death, by Death is cured.

IF Death were not for Sin from Heaven sent ;
 It could not be esteem'd a punishment ;
 To be deliver'd from our daily woe,
 While'twixt our Roses, Thorns, and Thistles grow,
 So that our care should be, to weed our hearts
 From foul excrescents, by such holy Arts,
 As will that fatal sting of Sin destroy,
 And so convert our sorrows into joy ;
 When we the Pangs of such a Death endure,
 As doth produce both Punishment, and Cure.

To my Old Friend on his Birth-day.

MY Friend, thou dost well to celebrate thy
 Birth-day, as a vow'd Sacrifice to God ;
 because he did reserve the first born to himself of
 Living Creatures, and thou art one ; But let not
 thy Altar be adorn'd with a superfluous Treat, with
 too many flagons of rich Wine, and Tables throng'd
 with Wealthy Guests, as if it were a Bacchanalian
 Feast : But such a moderate Meal for thy own Ser-
 vants, with some Poor Neighbours, that may so-
 berly rejoyce to see a New Year begin, with a pro-
 pitious prospect of thy insuing happiness ; and

pray

pray thy Piety and charity may Shine round about
thy Habitation here on Earth, until thou art ad-
vanc'd to Heaven.

Death is the Beggars highest Holiday.

THIS but a faint Felicity, that any Man can have
in all the Honours, Treasures, and Pleasures
of this World, without a joyful inward assurance
of his Salvation; when the next moment, an an-
gry Neighbour, or a Tyrant Prince, can end his
days: Or Sickness by tormenting pains turn all
his joy into sorrow while he lives; with despairing
terrors worse than all, at the approach of Death;
when a poor pious Beggar, will die transported
full of Celestial Joys for his highest Holiday, and
be as welcome into Heaven, as the greatest Mo-
narch.

And therefore may be well and truly said,
Both Souls are of the same fine Subitance made.

To my merry Friend.

WHY now so joyful my good Friend? has thy
Princes smiles this Morning added new fea-
thers to thy Heart? that makes it fly so high? His
frowns to morrow may turn those gay feathers in-
to Lead; tho' thou deserve not such a change:
Consider now such frequent sad Fates, as do befall
the craftiest Men, that only trust in mortal acci-
dents for their support in Princes favours; and
raise thy Souls delight in Service of the King of
Kings, whose favours will endure unto Eternity.

above the reach of Earthly Storms; and then thy Prince's favours will have a sure foundation to subsist on, with higher joys than any Sycophants' black Arts, by Malice or by Envy can disturb thy Peace, or Pleasures; when a good Conscience is so center'd, and so fix'd on God. For no Man can imagine, the constant felicity, of a strict pious Life, in all conditions; but he that is so reconciled with a lively Faith to God, as cheerfully to part with all the glist'ring Bubbles of this World, to enjoy everlasting Bliss in Heaven, which ought to be the supreme hope of our best endeavours.

On the fear of Death.

THOMEN by nature Born to fear, to Die
May still account it a great misery,
When Piety and Prayer can't prevail,
To change the pow'r of that severe Intail;
Tho' all our Hearts, and Souls do still agree,
To frame our Minds to God's most bless'd Decree;
Because no other means, (like that the best)
To bring Mankind to his Eternal Rest.
Yet our weak Faith cannot the credit gain,
By Heavenly joys, and glory to obtain,
Such Courage and a Valour so Divine,
Rather to Die with joy, than to repine;
To part with fading pleasures; that no Age
Can for one moments certain time engage,
They shall abide; nor can find any cure,
That Men on Earth, for ever shall endure.
How great a shame and folly then; that we
Should fear to go, where we desire to be?
And so prefer our miseries on Earth,
Before a bless'd and glorious cheerful Death.

That

That will in gratitude the surest way,
 Our Souls to God in Paradise convey;
 When Faith, with such a Zeal shall so comply,
 'Twill shew a Godly Gallantry to Die.

On the Art of Meditation.

WHO will the Art of meditation learn,
 Must make each Paragraph his chief concern,
 For some few moments to consider on,
 Lest reading more create confusion;
 And unavoidably disturb the Brain,
 With more at once, than what it can retain;
 When Piety by Art is thus refin'd,
 It will rejoyce the heart, enrich the mind
 With sacred Thoughts; beyond all Earthly care;
 Till flesh be turn'd into Angelick Air.

All Men should live as ever in God's sight,
 And make Devotion their supreme delight.
 And then observe, how God does Grace return,
 To make Seraphick Joy the brighter burn.

F I N I S.